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## FRANCE, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

WE last week expressed our conviction, based upon information on which we relied, that the prevailing impression respecting the designs of France against Austria was but too well founded, and that the danger of a great war was impending over European civilization. Our forebodings had scarcely appeared in print when they received a signal confirmation in the words addressed by the French EMPEROR to the Austrian Ambassador, which, as might have been expected, at once sent the commercial barometer down to "stormy." Those words are not susceptible of being interpreted otherwise than as a denunciation of coming hostilities. Yet we are not sorry to see attempts, on the part of the French official and semi-official journals, to put on them a more pacific interpretation. We do not give LOUIS NAPOLEON credit for that supernatural self-command, far-sightedness, and power of dissimulation which it is the fashion to attribute to him. The history of his Government for the last twelve months shows, on the contrary, that he is capable, like other men, of giving way to his emotions, and of plunging into courses of action of which he does not see the issue, and from which he may be compelled to retreat. It is not clear to us, therefore, that this expression of his feelings against Austria is the revelation of a long-nursed and deeply-laid project, irrevocable as the voice of doom. Better counsel may prevail, as it did in regard to the demand on England for a change in her penal laws, the ESPINASSE reign of terror, and the MONTALEMBERT prosecution. Yet it keenly points the moral of despotism when we see Europe thus compelled to spell out her fate from the ambiguous utterances of a single man—a man whom his greatest admirers would scarcely maintain to be, morally and intellectually, the natural arbiter of the destinies of civilization. Clothe with absolute power one of those essentially inferior characters in which the lust of absolute power is most predominant—give him an enormous army of mercenaries to dispose of at his pleasure, and you must expect the results of unlimited physical force not controlled by moral considerations. All the sycophants in Europe have long been crying up the decisive energy of LOUIS NAPOLEON's strong animal nature, in contrast with the hesitations of superior minds. They may now be destined to see that the hesitations of superior minds, if less striking to feminine imaginations, sometimes cost less confusion and less blood.

If the threatened rupture should actually occur, it will undoubtedly place England and English statesmen in a most embarrassing position. The real cause moving the French Government is the pressure of their own domestic difficulties. They have a vast army demanding active employment, filled (thanks, partly, to the spirited exertions of a portion of our own press during the Crimean war) with exaggerated notions of its own superiority, and wound up to the expectation of Napoleonic conquests. They have a people still writhing under a recent yoke, and made dangerous by bungling attempts at coercion, whose minds they desire, after the example of the first NAPOLEON, to divert from home degradation and misgovernment to foreign war. Italy offers a field in which the military fever of the French soldiery may be immediately let blood—in which success, if achieved, will be of a decisive and dazzling kind—and in which the heir of NAPOLEON may flatter himself that he will carry with him the sympathy of the French Liberals, and even of the Liberal party throughout Europe. This, we say, is the real cause; and it is obviously one which cannot be admitted as a justification without overturning all the principles of international justice. If any nation which finds itself politically diseased is to be allowed to carry off its dangerous humours by making an unprovoked crusade upon the weakest or the most unpopular

of its neighbours, there is an end of all those mutual restraints by which the great European confederation is raised above a group of piratical communities in a state of suspended war. The "Pax Europæ," which it has cost so much effort to impose on national cupidity and passion, is at once given to the winds.

But the *pretext* apparently alleged by the French Government is of a more plausible, and therefore of a more embarrassing kind. It is founded on the simultaneous occupation of different portions of Italy, and the concurrent suppression of Italian liberal movements, by French and Austrian troops, and on the desire of France to escape from the position—which has now become insupportably odious—of employing the army of Arcole and Marengo to maintain temporal and spiritual tyranny at Rome. France speciously requires that the pressure of both the coercing Powers should be simultaneously withdrawn, so that Austrian troops should not be suffered to march into Rome as the French troops march out; and on the refusal by Austria of a compact to this effect, she threatens to seize the opportunity of war. It is not to be denied that Austria, placed in this desperate dilemma between the danger of war with France and that of letting loose the pent-up whirlwind of Roman and ultimately of Italian Liberalism, reaps the just retribution of her own iniquitous proceedings in Italy, and especially of the flagitious seizure of Bologna and Ferrara. But, on the other hand, France, having wrongfully occupied Rome, is not to take advantage of her own wrong, and involve Europe in war as a mode of escaping from the embarrassments of a position of her own choice. She has thought fit, on pretence of her interest in the POPE as the head of the Catholic Church in general, and especially of that most pious branch of it which holds the creed of VOLTAIRE, to come between the POPE and his insurgent subjects, and to take his Government into her armed keeping. This being the case, she is bound herself to reform the Papal administration; and, the POPE being a consenting party to her intervention, and owing to it his political existence, she has a perfect right to do so. If Austria interferes to prevent France from reforming Rome, Austria is the aggressor; but there is nothing at present before the world to show that such is the case. It is ridiculous to say that France is entitled to treat the persistence of Austria in holding Lombardy as a *casus belli*. The tenure of Lombardy by a German Power may be most unnatural and tyrannical; and when the military burdens which it imposes, directly and indirectly, on the holders are set off against the revenues of the province, it is probably, like other iniquities, a loss rather than a gain to its perpetrators in the long run. But however lamentable it may be, and however just a subject for expostulation on the part of other Powers, it is perfectly established, and has been thoroughly recognised by French Governments, the rights, and of course the obligations of which, the present EMPEROR professes to inherit. Indeed, the occupation by Austria of Italian territory—whether more or less makes no difference in principle—was sanctioned not only by the Treaty of Vienna, but by that of Campo Formio. Who gave Austria Venice?

An attempt to settle the difference, and avert war, by anything in the nature of an European Congress, would no doubt be made under great disadvantages; for two of the five—or, if we rank Sardinia as a great Power, three of the six—ordinary members of the Congress are parties to the quarrel, and Russia is probably pledged underhand to France—a connexion which, it must be remarked, deeply taints the French cause, and opens an alarming vista of ulterior and more sinister intentions. Still, every effort that England can make to prevent the outbreak of hostilities ought to be made, and that in the interest of Italy herself. At best, Italy would become the theatre of war, whose cruel exigencies and infuriated

passions spare neither friend nor foe, and would owe her liberation from Austria to a Power neither less grasping than Austria nor less oppressive to those who fall under its yoke. We trust that better things are in store for a great race which has so long suffered under alien domination, than a renewal of the sham liberties of the Cisalpine Republic, or the exactions and conscriptions of the Kingdom of Italy. But Italian patriots and their headlong friends in this country should remember that the contest may have another issue. The accidental disasters of the Austrian troops in 1796 afford no criterion of their general efficiency, or of their probable fortunes on this occasion. The experience of history would lead to the conclusion that, on the whole, German are decidedly superior to French soldiers. The Austrian army is at this moment admirably prepared for war. The recent improvements in fire-arms seem favourable to the defence of positions, and the Austrians will of course be found in positions of their own selection. The tide of war may be rolled back upon Turin; and Sardinia, instead of the Italian supremacy of which (in despite of all the facts of Italian history) she dreams, may find her own rising and prosperous liberties overwhelmed with utter ruin. This war is the game of French ambition; and neither the history of the past, nor the aspect of things at present, encourages us to believe that any good object will be promoted by suffering that game to be played again.

#### THE BIRMINGHAM "TICKET."

MR. BRIGHT has appealed to the Parish, and to the Parish he shall go. There is no longer any use in expressing surprise at the ignorance of this gentleman. The sentiment of astonishment is one which is soon exhausted in the presence of the strangest spectacles; and in time one becomes habituated even to the incredible blundering of a demagogue. But for this we might have thought it worth while to dwell at some length on the wonderful exposure with which the able and instructive speech of Mr. MONCRIEFF has furnished us, of the fundamental ignorance and misrepresentation on which the superstructure of the great Birmingham scheme of Reform has been built up. It appears from this conclusive demonstration that Mr. BRIGHT is as profoundly ill-informed in regard to the affairs of Scotland as he is about English institutions—more he could not be. Indeed, his folly seems exactly commensurate with the wisdom of SOLOMON—it extends "from the hyssop which groweth on the wall to the cedar which groweth on Libanus." From Parliament to the Vestry—from the Parish to the Empire—his unscrupulous ignorance ranges with comprehensive incapacity; and the more we examine his assertions and his schemes, the more we begin to doubt whether it may not, after all, be possible to absolve his honesty at the expense of his intelligence.

When the notable proposal of the parish franchise was first launched, we pointed out the startling contrast between the practice which Mr. BRIGHT professed to take as his model and the democratic principles in support of which such a precedent was alleged. A practical inquiry into the real operation of the parochial franchise, which the Birmingham agitator, appealing to the "experience of the past," has so highly eulogised as "a franchise with which everybody has been contented, which nobody has condemned, and which has done no harm to law, or order, or the security of property," leads beyond all manner of doubt to a conclusion the exact opposite of that which Mr. BRIGHT adduces it to support. "The parish suffrage is far more liberal, more equal, and more just than the electoral franchise," says this well-informed politician. "I am proposing no innovation; I only ask you to adopt that which already exists, and which experience has proved to be both safe and satisfactory. This is what I offer you, because, while it is consistent with good government and the security of property, it will give you a great increase in the electoral body." This is the substance of Mr. BRIGHT's argument founded on his famous precedent. We have already examined at some length the accuracy of his information and the conclusiveness of his logic. We have shown that this precious specimen of ratiocination was deliberately conceived, publicly propounded, and three times repeated, in absolute ignorance of the fundamental fact that the governing principle of the parochial franchise is plurality of votes, by which property is carefully protected against the tyranny of a numerical majority. But we are supplied with a still more instructive illustration of Mr. BRIGHT's political capacity and

statesmanlike acquirements, on the unquestionable authority of the *Manchester Guardian*. If the favourite of Newall's buildings knows nothing of anything else, he might at least be expected to know something of Manchester. But it seems that, in fact, he knows just as little of Manchester as of anything else. It was from a Manchester platform that he deliberately proposed to substitute the actually existing parochial franchise for the present electoral system. All he wanted was, that members of Parliament should be elected by the same constituency which "the Legislature had established for the Poor-law unions." Let us see what was the state of this model constituency at the moment that Mr. BRIGHT was haranguing in the Free Trade Hall. We learn from the *Manchester Guardian* that, while the Parliamentary constituency of the township of Manchester amounts to 10,573, the number of persons entitled to vote under the Poor-law franchise does not exceed 8000. When we remember, in addition, that this diminished constituency is organized on the system of plurality of votes, we are in a position to estimate the impudence and the ignorance of the man who had the face to stand up in Manchester itself and propose the introduction of the parochial franchise as a Radical substitute for the Parliamentary suffrage, which he judiciously designates as a "deliberate fraud." "We have tried it here," he says, "in our parish unions;" and he adds elsewhere—"I venture to say that the experience of the past in our parishes and in our Poor-law unions has sufficiently demonstrated that, to that extent at least, the people of England may be fairly and safely entrusted with the right of electing members to the House of Commons."

This, then, is the euthanasia of the great scheme of democratic reform. This is the well-considered and deeply-matured plan of the profound and sagacious politician who "does not come to speak simply the temporary passion and sentiment of the hour," and who has a "deep sense of the responsibility under which every man ought to speak who offers himself as the expounder of the opinions or the guide of the deliberations of his countrymen." Certainly the unenfranchised classes of Manchester have found an admirable "guide for their deliberations" in the great Radical reformer of Birmingham. Let them compel Parliament—by persuasion if they can, or by brickbats if they can't—to embrace in its integrity the Birmingham programme, and what would be the result? Why, simply to disfranchise one-fourth of the existing constituency of Manchester, and to give to one-sixth, or possibly to one-twelfth, of that diminished constituency an equality of votes with the whole of the remaining numerical majority. Such is the ultimate product of the profound sagacity, the careful study, the laborious information, of our infallible demagogue who never changes his opinions and never alters his plans. Mr. BRIGHT has taunted Mr. NEWBATE with the democratic tendency of his reasonings. But the Member for Warwickshire might retort on his critic that he is the apostle of a reaction such as Colonel SIBTHORPE himself would hardly have ventured to propose. The joke of the great mob-orator of Radical Reform bringing forward a scheme which would decimate twice over the constituency of Manchester, and give the owners of property a preponderating vote in the poll-booth, is enough to make old Sir CHARLES WETHERALL shake his sides with laughter in his grave. The ghosts of the boroughmongers of former days must troop round Mr. BRIGHT with benedictions in his dreams, and the spirit of the late Mr. CROKER must haunt, with lingering regret, the last impersonation of a retrograde Toryism.

Of course it will be said, "Mr. BRIGHT did not mean anything of the sort." We know that perfectly well. But it is just the fact that he does not know what he means that constitutes him the demagogue he is, instead of the statesman which he possessed the ability, but wanted the character, to become. He had quite sharpness enough to know that it was a great point, in addressing a practical and on the whole a prudent people, to be able to appeal to some example sanctioned by experience—some precedent which the Constitution had approved. In his shallow and reckless charlatanism he thought he had found a pattern which would serve his turn; and so he produced on the platform this egregious blunder as a well matured and considered plan. No doubt he imagined that he was proposing some very democratic and sweeping change when he declared his intention to substitute the parochial system for the existing electoral franchise. It is mere nonsense to say that what he intended was to adopt a restricted suffrage, only without its restrictions. If the Emperor of the French proclaimed to-



morrow that he intended to establish in France the system of Government which exists in England, and "with which everybody has been contented, which nobody has condemned, which has done no harm to law, or order, or the security of property"—and if the day after he were to explain that it was true he had promised to copy the example of England, only he did not intend to have any Parliament—that he meant to have a Constitutional Monarchy, only it was not to be limited—that, in short, he meant to have perfect freedom only so long as it did not interfere with absolute despotism—we should know what to think both of his sincerity and his wisdom. Those apologists of Mr. BRIGHT who pretend that, when he recommended the existing parochial constituency as a model, he meant the parochial system apart from all the characteristics which distinguish it from any other system, make him out to be something worse than a fool. They impute to him that, knowingly and wilfully, he committed a species of moral forgery by appealing to an authority which he knew to be adverse, and that he was guilty of a conscious fraud upon an ignorant audience by imposing upon them a precedent which he knew to be delusive. We are not so hard on Mr. BRIGHT as his friends. We do him the justice to believe that he was quite as ignorant of the matter which he was talking about as the mob which he was addressing. We believe that he knew as little as they that his great scheme of Radical Reform simply went to exchange the liberal Constitution of 1832 for the most Conservative system which is to be found in the country. When the real truth comes to be known, the "magnificent assembly" at Manchester (as Mr. BRIGHT pompously calls it) turns out to be a caricature fit for the pencil of HOGARTH. The spectacle of an immense meeting cheering to the echo the champion of the people who is actually proposing to disfranchise them, must have been an excellent jest to any one who had the wit to unriddle the true secret of the Birmingham programme.

The incident is admirably illustrative both of the temper of the demagogue himself and of the material upon which he loves to operate. It shows how true it is that the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat. Mr. DISRAELI has been suspected—perhaps not without reason—of an intention to produce a Reform Bill which, while affecting to be framed on liberal principles, shall be cunningly contrived to promote the triumph of the Tory party. How that may be we know not, but we are very sure that there is no Tory Government infatuated enough to propose a scheme so nakedly and undisguisedly reactionary as that which Mr. BRIGHT in his wisdom has concocted for the behoof of the Radical Reformers. The very grotesqueness and comicality of these inconsistencies are the true stamp of your genuine demagogue. They are familiar traits of a well-known character. The genius of SHAKESPEARE is seen in nothing so much as in the immortality of the types which his knowledge of human nature enabled him to mould. We pay a fresh tribute to the living truthfulness of his art as we recognise the profundity of JACK CADE reproduced in the sagacity of JOHN BRIGHT.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S anxiety to manifest his personal veneration for the most holy Fathers of the Eastern Church has, on more than one occasion, led him to forget the self-respect due to his position as her MAJESTY'S representative. His indiscretion has not been confined to his demeanour alone. The allocution which he was compelled, by the extravagant demonstration of the Zantiote Unionists, to deliver to the Archbishop and clergy of that island, was more suggestive than guarded in its tenor. It is so notorious to the Ionians and the rest of the world that the kingdom of OTHO does not embrace all sections of the Pannhellenic circle except the Ionians themselves, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S reminder of the fact was in every sense unnecessary; and, being unnecessary, it was gratuitously mischievous. Mr. GLADSTONE'S mission, as limited by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON himself, has nothing to do with contingencies of the future, nor with any question not strictly confined to the territories and interests of the constituted Septinsular Republic. He has no more right to take official notice of the existence of another section of Greek nationality under foreign dominion, than he has to propose to Ionian enterprise a reconstruction of the Greek colony of Cyrene. If the expression of the Hellenic feeling in the mouths of the Zantiotes is, under present circum-

stances, equivalent to anarchy, it is difficult to find an expression strong enough to characterize the wanton indiscretion which goes out of its way to encourage a conspiracy among the whole Greek population of the Turkish empire. It is impossible to believe, unless we suppose wilful treason on the part of her MAJESTY'S High Commissioner Extraordinary, that the speech reported in the *Trieste Gazette* as delivered to the Cephalonian Bishop is anything but a figment in its details. It is probably a *rifacimento* by a Triestine Greek of his Ionian correspondent's exaggerated version of what Mr. GLADSTONE said, by implication, to his Holiness of Zante on the occasion above alluded to. For the sake of imparting a greater vividness to his account, the THUCYDIDES of the Trieste newspaper has no doubt reconverted the supposed oration into the first person singular, and placed in the mouth of Mr. GLADSTONE phrases which at first sight he may have some difficulty in recognising as substantially identical in meaning with his own. In some shape or other, those phrases will be disseminated as Mr. GLADSTONE'S through the length and breadth of Albania and Epirus, and wherever else there is a Greek priest to whom reading and writing have come by nature, and whom fortune has gifted with a patriotically retentive memory. For whatever disturbances may arise in those countries, or for whatever measures of repression the SULTAN may find it necessary to use towards his Christian subjects, Mr. GLADSTONE will be in no small degree responsible if he has uttered a single word that could be twisted into the shadow of an expression of the eventual sympathies or possible policy of England.

Such are the natural consequences of inventing a gratuitous mission for the purpose of entrusting its performance to an emissary gifted with more subtlety than judgment, possessed of notorious sympathies in the place of judicial impartiality, and prone to dangerously pointed eloquence where impassable retentiveness would have been more to the purpose. If the gifted creator of so many unreal statesmen in fiction had turned his eagle eye in a sufficiently profound contemplation on the idea of which Mr. GLADSTONE is the visible Incarnation, before issuing her MAJESTY'S warrant for his appointment as ambassador to the Ionian Islands, he would have seen into the Future, at least as far as we have advanced already. It was morally certain that Mr. GLADSTONE would earnestly and humbly embrace every opportunity of testifying his reverential sympathy with the primitive Eastern Church, as represented in the most reverend personages who might do him the honour of attending his levees. It was equally certain that the devout spirit which would send him to assist at the performances of the Greek liturgy in the churches of St. Irene or St. Spiro would be received by the incredulous Ionians, not as an expression of the ordinary curiosity of an intelligent visitor, or of Mr. GLADSTONE'S particular variety of sentimental devotionism, but as the studied hypocrisy of the English Government in exhibiting a more than usually conciliatory demeanour towards the most influential, and therefore most formidable, leaders of the so-called national movement in the Ionian Islands. It might well have been feared that Mr. GLADSTONE would go beyond the mere conciliatory courtesies of deportment, and enter upon actual business relations with the ecclesiastical organs to whom he certainly was not specially accredited. There is no surer way of making a vague hostile influence really energetic and formidable than by ostentatiously treating it with such exceptional deference as to induce bystanders to believe that you consider it formidable already. If once Mr. GLADSTONE began a course of saintly coquetting with the long-bearded Pappas whom there was no doubt that he would honestly consider as the most unobjectionably fit persons to act as leaders and exponents of public morality and opinion, it was clear that, at some point or other of their courtship of cross-purposes, he would be obliged to break off with the half-yielding refusal of their "too fond" attentions—

—Ask me no more.

Sir EDWARD LYTTON was not, indeed, bound to consider how far Mr. GLADSTONE'S own capricious affections might be irrevocably entangled, or his peace of mind injured by casuistical doubts as to the divided duties of a universal Christian and a special envoy. But he was bound (*ne quid dimmi respublica caperet*) to see whether the interests of England would not be seriously involved in whatever personal embarrassments or difficulties might arise from the particular temptations out of which it would need a special Providence to deliver the envoy he had chosen. Probably

he did not know very clearly himself how far he was inclined to pledge her MAJESTY'S Government to yet more democratic reforms of the Ionian constitution. But he ought to have made sure that his emissary would not, even in words, travel out of his mandate, and select the wrongest and most dangerous hair for splitting. The admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE's logical power are compelled to doubt its statesmanlike soundness when they see the awkward dilemma which threatens him with either horn, after his implied admission that, if the remainder of the Greek race were united in one free State, England could not refuse union with Greece to the sympathetic Ionians. Mr. GLADSTONE's scholarship must have induced him to assume the tacit assent of his audience to the Hesiodic axiom that "half is more than the whole," and to rest contented with the proof that it was impossible to grant the whole as an irrefragable argument for the greater impossibility of giving half. The Greek clergy are not such fools as to know how far the gaining of half is a step towards the whole; and they might justifiably have retorted upon him the barbarian proverb, that half a loaf is better than no bread. Their pastoral simplicity had not professedly contemplated that phase of the problem which presented itself to Mr. GLADSTONE's farther-reaching mind. Like practical men, they asked for what they thought he could give them. Anxious to secure the bird in the hand, they never uttered a word about those that sing in captivity in the Thessalian and Cretan bushes. Mr. GLADSTONE answered that unfortunately he had not got to give what they did not ask him for, and, therefore, what they did ask for was out of the question. On the premises which he has accepted for himself, their conclusion is undeniable, and it is one which will be drawn by all Continental observers whose interest it is to draw it, and not by the Greeks alone. It has been so drawn already by one of the organs of those who are principally interested in the cessation of the English Protectorate. The answer to the question proposed in *Le Nord*—what have the eventualities of Turkey to do with the enfranchisement of Ionia, so as to hinder the rendering of justice to one of the Greek populations because it cannot be rendered to all at once?—is one which Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir EDWARD LYTTON must find for themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE has done his best to keep the question on the false issue which was first opened by Sir JOHN YOUNG and Mr. GUERNSEY. The sooner the pleadings are amended, the better. If the Envoy Extraordinary has now, as we are told, made his Report, and is waiting for further instructions, the best instructions that could probably be given him would be to return home immediately. His mission has not only already proved a complete failure—it has, unhappily, more than justified our expectations of the mischief which would attend it.

The whole tenor of Mr. GLADSTONE's addresses and Sir EDWARD LYTTON's despatches, as well as the guarded feebleness in tone of the Ministerial journals, seems to indicate that her MAJESTY'S Government has no serious intention of doing anything beyond possibly soldering on a few yet more democratic reforms to the already over-tinkered Ionian constitution. It is not for the first time that we assert such a course to be useless, and worse than useless. The present constitution has proved its own absurdity by the sheer wish of those elected under it to render government under the English impossible. There is no good in following up the *reductio ad absurdum* by adding any more decimal ciphers to the sum which will not work right. It requires to be rubbed off the slate, and stated in a new way. We have no wish to undertake the task of constitution-making for the Ionian people; nor are we certain that a new constitution is absolutely needed. A firmer hand might even yet do something without a sharper curb. An enforced return to the form and the spirit of the old oath of allegiance for the Legislative Assembly, for which Sir HENRY WARD was weak enough to allow the substitution of a double-faced compromise, might at least relieve the country from the immeasurable disservices of the most insane of its present patriotic legislators, who are chosen merely to obstruct public business by a cry for the separation which it is against that oath to cry for. A stern disregard of the obvious follies of the Assembly, whether committed within or without their constitutional sphere—instead of that weak affectation of deference, against a better judgment, to the divine voice of the people, which is the natural error of English constitutionalists who have been educated by dealing with a real public opinion—might, even in its present spirit, turn that institution into little more than a mere expensive and useless annoyance. But, to effect any

real good for the Ionian Islands in rendering an active government possible, the basis of the Assembly requires to be changed, and the qualifications of those eligible, as well as of those who elect, must be materially altered. There is nothing in the Treaty of Paris which need prevent the abrogation of the present Constitution and the nomination of a Constituent Assembly by the Protecting Power, with a view to the substitution of a form of government more suitable for a real development and administration of the talents and resources of the Ionian people.

Few Englishmen will be disposed to deny that the conduct of the Ionians themselves has made such a course justifiable to our own national conscience; and the most honest and rational among the Ionians, though their moral timidity might prefer to "be ignorant of the doing," would yet "approve the deed" when it was done. But the present government engine will never work the better for opening fresh safety-valves, when, through those at present in use, its anarchic vapours escape at so low a degree of pressure as to leave it even now a screaming and impotent machine.

#### THE NAVIES OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THERE is no subject on which plain speaking is so much called for, or on which affectation is so common, as on the condition of the Navy. Ministers always affect diplomatic reserve in reference to the statistics of the fleet, lest foreigners should be supplied with information as to our strength or weakness. Then the professed advocates of peace are so shocked at the contemplation of the possibility of war, that they regard it as a duty, in speaking of naval affairs, to affect perfect indifference as to the only point which is of the smallest consequence—the comparative force of our own and foreign Navies. It would, they think, be invidious to ask whether we are or are not strong enough to retain the sovereignty of the seas with France, or Russia, or America for enemies; and a courteous silence is therefore preserved on the question which, more than any other, interests every Englishman. If pretences of this kind had any real tendency to preserve harmony between nations, or to diminish the risks against which our fleet is intended to guard us, there would be at least a plausible excuse for reticence. But it is certain that the reserve of our officials keeps none but Englishmen in the dark, and that the number, the armament, and the occupation of every ship in commission are as well known to the chiefs of the French Marine as they are to the Lords of the Admiralty. Neither can any purpose be served by ignoring the fact that the relative strength of our naval forces, compared with those of other countries, and pre-eminently of France, is a far more material consideration than the absolute number of guns and seamen afloat. To suppose that foreigners are likely to take umbrage at such comparisons, is to give them credit for so much simplicity as not to know that the armament of each nation is intended to enable it to hold its rightful position against any or all of its neighbours and rivals. War is not brought about by injudicious disclosures, nor even by offensive comparisons of military power, though it may sometimes be courted by the pride or the complaisance which refuses to recognise the warlike preparations of a neighbour.

Whenever any one speaks or writes about the English Navy, almost the only thing about which he thinks is whether it is stronger than the French fleet, and how much stronger—whether, in short, it can perform its multifarious duties in all quarters of the globe, and still leave a fleet sufficient at the shortest warning to hold the undisputed command of the Channel. That is what we all mean when we ask, with more or less anxiety according to our constitutional temperament, whether the Navy is in an efficient state? We can see no objection whatever to putting into words an inquiry which is in every one's thoughts. On the contrary, we see some danger in trying to shut our eyes to the truth, that the answer must be less satisfactory now than it would have been only a few years ago.

The great progress of France as a Naval Power during the last ten or fifteen years is sketched with substantial correctness, though not without some obvious exaggeration, in the article from the *Conversations Lexicon* to which we are glad to see the *Times* has given an extended publicity. The writer's conclusion, that with about equal *matériel* the French Navy exceeds the English in the availability and efficiency of the *personnel*, is not, indeed, fairly warranted by his own detailed account of the rival fleets; but the judgment which is now pronounced on plausible grounds by



a well-informed though somewhat prejudiced inquirer would have been a ludicrous absurdity at any time between the battle of Trafalgar and the bombardment of Acre in 1840. A great change has taken place since that time in the relative strength of the two Navies, and it is not the least significant circumstance that the development of the French fleet has continually advanced, notwithstanding the changes of the Government from a Monarchy to a Republic, and from a Republic to an Empire. The augmentation of the Navy of France is not a mere freak of an ambitious ruler, but seems to have become a recognised element in the progress of the nation, and is on that account the more deserving of the grave attention of English statesmen.

There is no very obvious reason why a German critic should be disposed to exaggerate the resources of France and to depreciate those of England; but it will be some satisfaction to the timid to perceive that the unfavourable conclusions of the *Conversations Lexicon* are partly attributable to an anti-English bias which displays itself throughout the comparison. Thus the French gunboats built during the Russian war are described as superior to our own, although due credit is given to this country for the energy with which no less than one hundred and sixty of this useful description of craft were completed, while France produced only thirty. The English floating batteries are, with some justice, pronounced to be failures; but notwithstanding the easy triumph at Kinbourn, it requires some faith to credit the assertion that the iron-sided hulks built by NAPOLEON were much more efficient or manageable than our own. To a country which possesses the absolute command of the seas, these unwieldy monsters might occasionally be of service in an attack against stone walls, though the rapid improvements in artillery will probably soon deprive them of their supposed invulnerability. But very great improvements will be necessary upon present models before vessels that can scarcely be navigated at all will venture into an open sea where they are likely to fall in with a hostile fleet. Still less need we be alarmed by the sagacious discovery that the spirit and discipline of a force of conscripts must necessarily be superior to that of a crew of volunteers. French sailors, we are told, know from their childhood that they are bound to serve their country, and feel honoured by wearing the national uniform, while Englishmen are mere mercenaries who barter their liberty and blood for a pittance of wages and the chance of prize-money. There is singular audacity, too, in referring to the evolutions of the Black Sea fleets and the operations in the Sea of Azov as evidence of the superior smartness with which French ships are handled. But after making every allowance for misrepresentations as idle as these, there remains enough to show that the Navy of NAPOLEON III. is more nearly on a par with our own than any foreign fleet has been for more than a century.

An advantage of fifteen sail of the line, and one hundred smaller vessels, besides our fleet of gunboats, is all that our German critic allows us; and he is perhaps not very wrong in saying that much of this superiority is balanced by the greater proportion of old and comparatively useless vessels borne upon the strength of our Navy. It may seem strange that England, having had in 1815 ten times as many ships as France, and having subsequently expended much larger sums on the construction of new vessels, should have been so nearly overtaken in the race; but our immense start has proved of no avail in consequence of the improvements in shipbuilding and the introduction of steam, and our very superiority has compelled us to waste vast sums by taking the initiative in experiment. It was only after we had built scores of paddle-steamers and iron frigates which turned out good for nothing, that the magnificent screw liners that form the strength of modern fleets were devised. France, with judicious economy, reserved her efforts until she could profit alike by our successes and our failures, and has thus at a much less cost constructed a Steam Navy not very inferior to our own.

The mere *matériel* of the fleet is not, however, the most serious consideration. Notwithstanding the vast superiority of our commercial marine, it seems undeniable that additional ships could be sent to sea more rapidly by our neighbours than by ourselves. The disciplined force which is kept on foot under the title of *Equipages de Ligne* is perhaps not much, if at all, inferior in number to the seamen on board our fleet, and we have no means of adding to our available strength at all comparable in rapidity and certainty with the machinery of the French *Inscription Maritime*. Every seafaring man in France is liable to be enrolled for service in

the fleet, and is bound to present himself when called upon to enter on board of a man-of-war. This reserve, which has been rapidly increasing, is now stated to comprise 160,000 seamen, while England has no corresponding resource beyond the small numbers who are enrolled in the Coast Volunteers. Neither in war nor in peace can any considerable number of men be raised without great delay, and unless the Commission now sitting shall discover some means of increasing the supply of volunteers, we may be driven to something resembling the French conscription in order to provide the means of manning our ships as rapidly as circumstances may render necessary.

Notwithstanding the apparent equality of the French Navy in some particulars, and the greater efficiency of its administrative system, our superiority in all the natural and permanent sources of strength is so undeniable that a prolonged war would rapidly raise the English Navy to its old pre-eminence, and the unreadiness of our system is really the only defect which need occasion any anxiety. The ultimate strength to which the naval force of any country can attain is measured by the rate at which it can construct new ships, and by the aggregate extent of its seafaring population. In both of these respects our advantage is so great that, if time enough were allowed for preparation, we need fear no rivalry. With all the appliances of Cherbourg, France has neither the mechanical facilities nor the wealth to run a successful race of shipbuilding with England. There are now on the stocks in our dockyards ships whose total tonnage is returned at 65,000 tons, and whose armament will exceed 1500 guns; and the history of the gunboat fleet is some further evidence of the rapidity with which a pressing want can be supplied. In the construction of steam machinery, France cannot attempt to compete with us; and if the two countries were to put forth their utmost strength, a very few years would probably suffice to restore to our fleet something like its old numerical superiority.

Even in our great difficulty—that of manning the ships—time would stand our friend. The French reserve, which is kept in immediate readiness, exhausts the whole maritime strength of the country. England has five times as many sailors to fall back upon, and, sooner or later, this preponderance would be sure to tell. The solitary advantage of France consists in the greater availability of her resources, whether for attack or defence; and it is one which England must find the means of neutralizing, if our coasts are to be as secure from insult as we have hitherto believed them to be. The great changes in the conditions of warfare in modern times all resolve themselves into the one principle, that time has become of infinitely greater value than it used to be. It is a poor consolation for a military reverse to know that the enemy would have been well thrashed if he had only been good enough to wait a little longer; and it cannot be too often repeated that it concerns the safety and honour of the country to make her fleet, if not stronger, at any rate less unready, than it has been during the period which has seen so remarkable an advance in the naval power of our nearest neighbour.

#### CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO.

THE documents which have recently been published by the United States Government on the subject of Central America and Mexico derive their principal significance from the absence of any novelty in their tone. As usual, they reflect no great credit either on the political morality of American statesmen or on the judgment of our own. The wearisome monotony of arguments which seek to reconcile the MONROE doctrine with the principles of international law, and the persistency of our Government in furnishing the United States with the pretexts for complaint which they are so eager to find, will afford little satisfaction to reasonable men on either side of the Atlantic. The harmony which ought to prevail between us and our kinsmen can never be attained while these official bickerings form the staple of the intercourse between the two Governments; and whatever view America may take of her interests, it is the plain policy of England to avoid all squabbles about matters in which we are not materially concerned. Lawyers and moralists may smile at the sophistries by which Mr. DALLAS attempts to distinguish between the American occupation of Nicaragua stipulated for by the CASS-YRISARRI Treaty, and the instructions given to Sir GORE OUSELEY to aid the authorities of that unhappy State in repelling the attacks of Filibusters. The United States proposed to secure

the safety of the Isthmian transit by such temporary occupation as Nicaragua should think necessary for the purpose. Great Britain authorized her plenipotentiary, if requested by the Nicaraguan Government, to seize any Filibusters who might descend upon her shores, and hand them over to be dealt with by the authorities of their own country. "This order," says Mr. DALLAS, "is a violation of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, because it leaves it to the discretion of British officers whom to recognise as the *de facto* Government of Nicaragua, and whom to denounce as Filibusters." It is difficult to comprehend how the American interference contemplated by the CASS-YRISARRI Treaty is secured from the same danger, and perhaps the chances of mistaking a piratical for a legitimate Government are quite as great in the case of American as of British officers. Lord MALMESBURY insists that the two cases are precisely parallel, and that on neither side is there any violation of the CLAYTON-BULWER convention. Logically, his representation is unanswerable, but a position may be very sound in logic, and at the same time very mistaken in policy. The course which England ought to take is quite clear. We have, by the tact of a very able diplomatist, obtained from the United States a treaty which secures the only object which renders Central American affairs of any importance to us. Without a direct breach of treaty, the United States cannot interfere with the neutrality of the highway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. So long as this primary stipulation is observed, we at least have nothing to complain of. We have made a good, though perhaps not more than a fair bargain, and it is notorious that America would be extremely glad to escape from an obligation which she undertook in a moment of temporary deference to international law. No policy, therefore, could be more suicidal on our side than to suffer disputes to arise on the collateral and unimportant consequences of the treaty. Yet ever since its signature we have been squabbling about such insignificant questions as the right to a barren rock, and a worse than useless Protectorate; and now that these points are on the eve of a final settlement, fresh complications are created by instructions given to our envoy, which, though not absolutely inconsistent with the treaty, are apparently framed with the sole view of giving the United States an excuse for remonstrance. If England carefully keeps well within her conventional rights, it is possible that America may be induced to abide by an unpalatable engagement; but if our authorities are always sailing as near the wind as they dare, and insisting on the utmost privileges that a doubtful construction of the treaty can give them, the astute statesmen of Washington will not be slow to find the pretext they desire for repudiating a convention which they will have plausible grounds for accusing England of having been the first to violate.

If the neutrality of the Isthmus is not assailed, we can well afford to be liberal in the construction of the treaty on all other points. It was unquestionably a large concession on the part of America, and there is some justice in the remark of General Cass that, to make it perfectly mutual, it ought to have prohibited the acquisition of territory not only in Central America, but in Asia also. In the view of jurists, proximity may not alter the relations of independent Powers; but prudent statesmen are not in the habit of engaging in crusades for abstract principles, and except so far as may be necessary to keep the transit across the Isthmus open to the world, we have no more interest in thwarting the aggressive schemes of the United States upon the American continent than they would have had in protesting against the conquest of the Punjab or the annexation of Pegu. Perhaps if it were well understood that England regarded without jealousy the extension of American dominion, there would be less reluctance at Washington to carry out frankly and honestly the policy of maintaining a free highway across the Continent. In this matter our interest is not less than that of the Americans. If they desire facilities of intercourse between their Eastern seaboard and California, it is not less essential for us to secure an uninterrupted passage to Columbia and Australia. With this single object gained, our concern with the Western Continent is at an end. Let America extend her frontiers as rapidly as her conscience will allow (and that will be fast enough)—let her absorb, if she will, a fresh system of States to reinforce the political resources of the South—still England is not called upon to interfere or remonstrate. While the MONROE doctrine is applied only to territories which we have no interest in maintaining in their present condition of anarchy, we may

reasonably be indifferent to the practice, however impossible it may be to recognise the piratical theory which it implies. But even in the American view, the principles of the Ostend Manifesto find their only justification in the exclusive interest which the United States have in the political arrangements of their own Continent; and this basis is wanting when once the route of the Isthmian transit is in question. With that strip of land the whole civilized world is concerned; and the interests of England especially would seem to be best maintained by confining the exertions of diplomacy to the only region of real importance, and allowing the utmost latitude to the expansive energies of the States in every other direction.

#### REPRESENTATION OR NUMBERS?

THE disciples of Mr. BRIGHT are in a great hurry to assume that, if we do not admire their particular idol, it is only because we admire nothing at all. In this respect political enthusiasts seem to be on much the same footing as theological devotees. The slipper-working and currant-jelly-presenting congregation of the Rev. Jabez Muddint always denounces unbelievers the outside world who wonder whether, after all, Jabez is any better than his brethren. It is quite true that we don't admire Mr. BRIGHT, and we think we have very sufficient reasons for the opinion we have formed of him. We do not consider that the impartiality of our verdict is diminished by the fact—admitted by the testimony of his followers—that, till his recent exhibitions, we entertained against him no adverse prejudices. So long as it was possible to believe him to be honest, we often raised our voice to defend him from unfair and unmerited attacks. Mr. BRIGHT has always held opinions in direct antagonism to our own on the capital question of the foreign policy of the country; but when he chose to promote his ideas by legitimate means—when he thought fit to adhere to truth in his statements, and appealed to reason as the groundwork of his arguments—we never failed to treat him with respect. His position is very different now from what it was when he appeared as the sincere, though we believe mistaken, advocate of an unpopular creed. He has entered upon a crusade against all the institutions of the country with a licentiousness of misrepresentation which exceeds even the proverbial recklessness of the professional demagogue. He has insulted the Monarchy by his condescension—he has menaced the House of Lords, and reviled the House of Commons—he has laboured to inflame the animosity of classes—he has sought to teach the poor that the rich are their natural enemies—he has tried to persuade the ignorant that all the hardships they endure, and all the privations to which their position in life is exposed, are the fruit of tyrannous laws and unjust legislation. And he has done all this with a reckless audacity of misstatement which almost precludes the charitable hypothesis that even his universal ignorance could altogether cover such a chaos of misrepresentation. With such a man as Mr. BRIGHT has lately shown himself to be—a man who trades only on the blind passions of a mob—it is idle to argue. Our business is rather to expose him to those whom he is seeking to deceive, and whose worst animosities he is labouring to inflame.

It is not true, however, that because we do not admire Mr. BRIGHT we admire nothing at all. Indeed, we admire a great deal, for we admire almost everything that Mr. BRIGHT despises. We admire that truth of which he is so little careful. We admire that justice which he does not practise. We admire that honour which he does not value. We admire that freedom which he so little understands. We admire that Constitution which he has never seen. We admire that history for which he has so profound a contempt. We admire that people which he is never weary of defaming. We might enlarge the catalogue indefinitely, but we prefer to offer our critics a comprehensive formula, by which, if they think it worth while, they may at any time fill it up for themselves. If they care to ascertain what it is that we admire, they have only to inquire what it is that Mr. BRIGHT disdains. Our admirations are precisely co-extensive with his aversions, because both are exactly measured by everything that is English. No readers of this journal have ever had any reason to expect that we should give quarter to the treacherous foes of English liberty. We have never encouraged the belief that we would side with democracy against the cause of freedom.

The question which Mr. BRIGHT has raised in his recent speeches is simply and nakedly whether, in the impending Reform Bill, the principles of the English Constitution are

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to be preserved, or whether we are to seek in France or America the model of another and wholly different form of government? Let his apologists say what they please, when the false coating of inapplicable precedents and misstated analogies comes to be stripped off, and when the results of his repeated vacillations come to be reduced to their ultimate expression, this is the residuum at which we arrive. If the principle of government by a mere numerical majority is to be substituted for the system of a regulated representation—which, under different forms, has been constantly and carefully maintained in every department of the Constitution—we have no hesitation in saying that this is Revolution, and not Reform. The authors of the measure of 1832 were not, like Mr. BRIGHT, the avowed enemies of the English Constitution. Their policy was to remove the abuse of nomination; but they professed to respect, and with greater or less success they endeavoured to preserve and perpetuate, the principle of representation. And, after all, this is the question by which a man's political aims must at this moment be tried. Is he for representation, or is he for numbers? No one ought to allow himself to be juggled into confounding these two things. They are not only not the same, but they contradict and exclude each other. The two cannot coexist, for they are radically incompatible. In a mixed society, consisting of various and unequal classes, if numbers are the ruling power, representation is impossible. This matter is not to be decided—and, having confidence in the good sense of the English people, we venture to say it will not be decided—by abstract arguments on the Rights of Man. The one thing which an English statesman has to consider is the practical working of a change which is to operate on the organic constitution of the State.

We undertake to show, in direct contradiction to Mr. BRIGHT, that though numbers do not govern in England, representation can, and does in fact, exist. Representation of interests in a free community is not a theoretical term, but a practical reality. Interests are represented if their influence is felt, if their rights are protected, if their will is operative on the governing power. Interests are not represented if their voice is drowned, if their property is unjustly dealt with, if their rights are assailed, if their desires are either unknown or ineffectual. Mr. BRIGHT says that the working classes are not represented because they have no votes. If he means that no class in which every man does not vote is represented, how miserable and helpless must be the condition of the soldier and the Custom-house officer! But if we inquire whether, in point of fact, the interests, the wants, and the rights of the working-classes are less attended to by the Legislature than those of any other class, however "privileged," what do we find to be truth? We know that Mr. BRIGHT, relying on the ignorance of the assemblies which he addressed, has not shrunk from libelling the English Parliament by asserting that it has deliberately exercised its powers to oppress and defraud the people. We venture to predict that, bold as he is, he will not repeat, in the presence of the House of Commons, this scandalous and malignant calumny. Were the people not represented in the House of Commons when that "selfish aristocrat," Lord SHAFTESBURY, obtained its assent to the Ten Hours Bill—which deserves to be called the charter of the working man—in spite of the selfish opposition of the League with Mr. BRIGHT at its head? Were the people not represented when the Income-tax was imposed in order that articles of consumption might be freed from duty? Were the people of Ireland not represented when a loan was advanced to support the destitute poor in the time of famine? Were the people of the United Kingdom not represented when the wealthier classes voluntarily took upon themselves the chief burden of a popular war? Were the people not represented when, Parliament after Parliament, and session after session, new votes have been passed for the education of the poor, and new measures contrived for the promotion of their health and comfort? And if it be asked how it is that they have been so represented, let no one suppose that this has been the result of a mere sentimental sympathy or eleemosynary condescension. There have always been adverse interests enough at stake to arouse a resistance as violent and as pertinacious as that which Mr. BRIGHT offered to the Ten Hours Bill. These measures have prevailed because they were wise and just, and because there was no party strong enough to resist the claims of the unenfranchised classes when they were in accordance with sound principles of public policy. For these reasons we affirm that representation has existed,

and does exist, without the principle of government by numbers. If Mr. BRIGHT persists in denying it, let him explain how and why the Ten Hours Bill was carried.

And further, we say that, on the principle of government by the numerical majority, representation cannot exist. In other words, if the electoral system of this country is to be assimilated to that of the metropolitan constituencies, there will be an end of representation. France has universal suffrage, but it has no representation, because the ignorant and the needy have swamped the public opinion of the prosperous and the intelligent. America, practically, has no representation, because there likewise the lowest class excludes the more informed and the more independent portion of society from all participation in public affairs. It is to this that we, too, shall inevitably come if ever the principle of numbers is adopted in this country as the rule of our Government. A numerical majority is not, and cannot be, in a state of society such as exists in England, a fair and true representation of interests; and it is for this reason that in our parishes, in our Poor-law unions, in our Boards of Health, and in the recent Act for the local government of towns, precautions have been taken that the principle of representation shall be preserved. Representation exists in our present electoral system by virtue of that very variety in our constituencies against which Mr. BRIGHT directs his attacks. The low, dead level which he proposes would simply extinguish representation altogether. A numerical majority is necessarily the representative of only one out of many classes—and that the class which, in respect of its intelligence, education, and leisure, is the least fitted to consult either its own interests or those of the other classes which are placed at its mercy. What are the dangers to be feared from a system in which property and intelligence are placed helplessly at the mercy of a mere numerical majority, Mr. BRIGHT himself has told us. The reason which he assigned at Glasgow in explanation of the plurality of votes in the parochial franchise was, that if an equal influence were permitted to those who possessed no property with those who had something to lose, there might be "a great inequality of burdens cast" on particular firms and particular individuals." But is this danger confined to the Parish? Has it no counterpart in the administration of the Empire? Already the Manchester organ of Mr. BRIGHT alleges as a grievance against the existing system of representation that it has not yet established a graduated scale of taxation—that a man with 50,000*l.* a-year pays no greater percentage than the man with 500*l.* So that the first fruit of the new Reform is to be the adoption of a principle of taxation which all economists have recognised as synonymous with confiscation.

It is not our object to maintain that the particular adjustment of the representative principle which at this moment exists in our electoral system is either theoretically or practically perfect. We are quite ready to admit that it may be susceptible, from time to time, of great and beneficial improvements. But the success and the safety of such experiments depend on the acquaintance of the engineer with the machine which he has to clean. We don't feel at all disposed to have our English clock pulled to pieces by Mr. BRIGHT, because we are perfectly convinced that he has not even an elementary knowledge of the principles of its construction or the theory of its movement. The great question, we repeat, which we have to decide is whether we will adhere to the principle of the representation of interests, or whether, throwing overboard the lessons of experience and the inheritance of tradition, we are to rush headlong into the system of government by numbers. It is but to state the question in another way to say that the issue now before us is whether we will stand by the English Constitution, or endeavour to erect upon its ruins a copy of the French or American polity. That is to say, are we to keep the liberties we already enjoy beyond the example of any nation on the earth, or are we to surrender ourselves a conscious prey to the abasing despotism which seems to be the inevitable end of unmixed democracy? For despotism is of two sorts. France groans under the despotism of the army, and America is degraded under the despotism of the mob:—

*Facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen, qualis deest esse sororum.*

Their form is different, but their spirit is the same. They are the twin daughters of a common sire. For in every age and in every people the offspring of Democracy is Tyranny.

## A MONTH IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

THE great law which regulates supply and demand seems to prevail in matters of public indecency, as well as in other things of commerce. Block up one channel, and the stream will force another outlet; and so it is that the current dammed up in Holywell-street flings itself out in the Divorce Court. Lord CAMPBELL has done something for the morals of that very limited portion of the public which was compelled to frequent that ugly thoroughfare; but Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL'S Court threatens to pollute the whole length and breadth of the land, and as we must all read the newspapers, we cannot avoid the laystall. We are not going to pronounce that the new Divorce Act is responsible for the mass of dirt which has lately encumbered the newspapers, but in one main particular it is undeniable that the Act has failed in securing one of its promised advantages. We were assured that public morality would be spared the offensive details of the action for *crim. con.* In the new Court, however, we have these very details dwelt upon and exaggerated with a degree of prurient indecency which far exceeds the old trial at Common law. The case of EVANS v. EVANS and ROBINSON has occupied three days before the new tribunal—thrice the time that it took under the former régime. We will not say how long the case of ROBINSON v. ROBINSON lasted, but during the past month alone we find that the case of MARCHMONT v. MARCHMONT—not one of adultery, but perhaps scarcely less injurious to public morals—was spread over eight Court days. A similar one, CHERRY v. CHERRY, was dismissed in the exceptionally brief term of two days; but KEATS v. KEATS took three days to examine. Why is this? Partly because, a more responsible function being cast upon a jury under the new than under the old form of proceeding—namely, that of deciding upon a verdict which entails highly penal consequences—it may perhaps be necessary that the details of evidence should, in exactness and completeness, approach rather to the character which is required in a criminal case than in a civil suit. We must therefore make up our minds that the evidence in adultery trials under the new system will be more minute and fuller flavoured than heretofore. This is one result of the Divorce Act; and the balance so far is decidedly against it as compared with even the execrated action for *crim. con.* Another reason for the prolixity of the recent trials may perhaps be found in the professional specialty of the advocates. *Cuique in sua arte credendum*; and when a man has a special line of his own, he is apt to show off, and to expatiate in it. In the old days, a *crim. con.* case was an exception to a barrister's ordinary Westminster-hall practice; but the Doctors' Commons lawyers have now gone westward, and they have long given themselves to these matrimonial causes. A student of SANCHEZ can talk more, and more to the purpose, on the subjects discussed by his author than an ordinary reader of moral science. In like manner, the learned civilians who practise in the Divorce Court are so at home in their own peculiar vocation that they make the most of a case, dwell upon particulars, and go into corners and spy into Judas-holes which would escape the ordinary practitioner. Thus all that was ugly in the old Court seems to be perpetuated, with additions, in the new.

But this is not all. The new Court takes cognizance of a whole class of cases the discussion of which, though not necessarily obscene, is yet of such a nature that it is always hovering on the verge of the prurient, and is on that account perhaps more dangerous than positive indecency. We believe that, on the whole, the MARCHMONT case was quite as mischievous as the EVANS case, and it occupied eight days. Its length was perhaps unavoidable; for it must take a jury a long time to master an affair the evidence in which, from its nature, must be cumulative. A case of alleged cruelty must always be prolix, because the charge can only be proved or disproved by the most minute details. All the daily and hourly transactions of married life must be produced, and sifted, and twisted, and exaggerated in every possible way. Not only is the unavoidable length of such trials a social nuisance, but these things are not for public discussion at all. Even the most innocent hours of home are not to be paraded. Hymen was always a veiled divinity, and the private *diapirvus* is not for the world. Much worse is it for public morals when, as must be the case in such a suit, it is the interest of one party to exaggerate, embitter, and barb every little detail of temper and infirmity—to magnify the humiliating instances of spite, to envenom the cutting words, to exasperate the provoking tongue, and to cherish and improve instances of

the unforgiving temper. Merely to have these things exhibited with all the scientific accuracy and orderly arrangement of a judicial process is bad enough. But look at its further results. Though Mrs. CHERRY failed, Mrs. MARCHMONT succeeded in obtaining a verdict, and other wives may be equally fortunate. The methods of the lady petitioners will be studied; and will the poet's "domestic peace" be furthered by the example? Will the boasted English home gain when it is experimentally ascertained that a wife can get rid of an inconvenient spouse if she is clever enough to keep a faithful diary of all the spots and sores of married life—if she carefully keeps her counsel, and acts consistently with a view to a future suit—if she contrives, by arts not unknown to the feminine mind, to get a husband to overstep the debateable land? Will not these tactics be adopted? Can it be expected that ladies tired of their lords will not employ these useful aids to a judicial separation and private maintenance? Is it, however, for the interests of society that incompatible and ill-assorted unions should, as a rule, be judicially severed? The advocates of the new law answer unhesitatingly that it is. For our own part, we again repeat Lord STOWELL'S *dictum*, that it is for the general interests of society that uncongenial couples should learn rather to bear and to forbear, and to make the best of a bad bargain, than so to manage their private life as at last to get it up to separation pitch. For this is what it comes to. It was the interest of quarrelling couples to keep the peace in marriage—it is the interest of quarrelling couples to make at least as bad a household of it as the MARCHMONT home turned out to be. The CHERRY case was not quite bad enough for the law to interfere; but, guided by the egregious MARCHMONT precedent, the next wrangling couple will contrive to manipulate matters a little further. And here the question is not whether, when a home is a hell, it may be best for private interests to break it up, but whether the old law did not tend, on behalf of the general social good, to prevent it from becoming that hell to which the new law rather offers an encouragement.

But these are not the only aspects under which we may study the working of the new law. On the 14th of December the case of LENTGE (a German) v. LENTGE came before the Court on the charge of adultery against the wife. It was proved that the petitioner had condoned and connived at his wife's adultery, and had lived on the wages of her prostitution; and the verdict was for the respondent, the Judge remarking "that it was a great disgrace to this Court to have such a case brought up before it." An ingenious attempt has been made to neutralize the force of this observation; but it is to be borne in mind that Sir C. CRESSWELL did not say anything about the patent disgrace of the petitioner, but of "this Court," and his words can have no other intelligible meaning than to point at that state of the law which could render so infamous an appeal to it possible. What he meant was to express his fear that the Divorce Court would be made a refuge for collusive suits, and that its cheapness and accessibility would invest it with attractions for injured husbands to help their own dishonour. In other words, the very danger which the opponents of the law apprehended is announced as actual by no less an authority than the Judge who has to administer it.

Descending from higher considerations, we must, in conclusion, protest against the taste which reports all these nasty cases in full. A discretion is left to the Court—which, in the case of YEATMAN v. YEATMAN, lately before it, was exercised—of hearing certain cases (this was one for nullity of marriage) *in camera*. Is it too much to ask of "our best public instructors" to imitate this reticence? What is gained by parading for public edification all the details of every rape and adultery trial? A recent incest case of the most frightful description—the MARCHMONT case—the EVANS case—why do we have these things in full? Is it because reporters are in some instances paid according to quantity, and because men who have self-respect would be starved out of the field if they sent in decent reports in competition with those who live on the extent and minuteness of their notes? Yet this is really no reason; for it is quite in the power of editors to check, by mutual understanding and consent, the prurient pens of their subordinates. Some of the daily papers, to take the last month only—and to its judicial proceedings we have confined our strictures—are a public disgrace and a private nuisance. Or if—which we doubt—it is deemed requisite for the ends of justice that these disgusting cases should not be entirely suppressed, we may fairly inquire whether the English language is so poor, or whether our instructors are so little masters of it, as to be unable to give the facts of a



trial for concealment of birth except in the form of a bad obstetric lecture? Can it really be necessary that Holywell-street should be revived and perpetuated in the daily newspaper press? In that quarter, at least, no interests less than those of public decency and morality ought to prevail; and in those interests we appeal against what is a growing offence—the utter and insolent disregard of common decency which newspaper reporting of the present day too frequently displays.

“MERRY CARLISLE.”

DEAN CLOSE does not like Christmas. At least he has small sympathy with the popular modes of keeping Christmas. Theatres are an offence to him, and the compliments of the season positively stink in his pious nostrils. He has been addressing the Carlisle Total Abstinence Society on the abomination of getting drunk. We are no advocates of drunkenness, but simply to enlarge on the heinousness of sins to which men not only have no temptation, but which they have taken an oath to avoid, strikes us as being excessively silly, because so very easy. There is a story afloat that once upon a time two very aged and spotless spinsters, disabled from going to church, asked the parson of the parish to come and read them a sermon on Sunday evening. The worthy divine acceded to this pious request, and edified his domestic congregation with a peculiarly well chosen homily on the vices of profane swearing and indecent conversation. Dean Close's sermon to the teetotallers exhibits pretty much the same tact and discrimination; and though perhaps in this respect he only displays the lack of judgment of many of his brethren, his blunder is one of the first magnitude. Religion is prostituted when it is made the vehicle of abusing your neighbours. Drunkenness ought to be denounced, but drunkards are the people to be told of its dangers. A visitation sermon on the spiritual dangers of horse-racing would not be a whit more absurd than a teetotal address on the gin bottle. Had the Dean of Carlisle the real interests of his young abstainers at heart, he would have pointed out to them the peculiar dangers, say of pride, self-reliance, and uncharitableness, which the pledge involves—not the wickedness of sins they have no mind to.

But let this pass. We have more serious objections to this Carlisle denunciation of Christmas festivities than its inopportunities in point of place and audience. The Dean seems to say that Christmas is a mixture of the Saturnalia and Lupercalia of old time. Fescennine licence runs riot in all our streets—the liberty of December is for every one to get drunk—and universal riot and intemperance rule the reeling land. Less than this his words can scarcely mean. “It seems to be a thing taken for granted that people should be drunk at Christmas. Ask them why they go about reeling in drunkenness, and they tell you they are keeping Christmas. These are the seasons when the devil keeps high holiday.” Here we join issue—first, as to the fact, and next, as to the relevancy of the grain of truth hid in this monstrous bombast of swelling words. It is not a fact that everybody gets drunk at Christmas, or pleads the license of the season for his sin. On one day in this very last Christmas week there was not a single case of any sort, not even the most trifling one of intoxication, brought before the magistrate at one of the largest police courts in the metropolis. Social inquirers know that the sin of drunkenness is on the decline in England generally, whatever it may be in Carlisle under the spiritual guidance of that form of religion to which Dean Close is popularly assigned. But if he means to say that there is any necessary connexion between the English Christmas and drunkenness, we should ask him to go a little further north than what we suppose is still “Merry Carlisle.” We are not aware that Christmas is very religiously observed in Glasgow; but its public drunkenness far exceeds the drunkenness of London. Dean Close's fallacy is that people not really religious take advantage of the Christian festivals as an excuse for intemperance; and the suppressed conclusion is, of course, against the observance of the festivals. As we have said, where there is no Christmas there is still more drunkenness; but another fact remains—that no human being pleads the season as an excuse for his daily vice. He does not make it a religion to get drunk. What his Very Reverence means, supposing him to have a meaning, is that the general aspect of festivity is in itself a temptation to drunkenness.

One often wonders how some people really do read the Bible, or how they get over the plainest and most obvious drift of it. The whole run and tenor of the Old Testament from end to end couples feasting, and all the material considerations and appliances which belong to feasting—eating, drinking, dancing, rest, leisure, enjoyment, fulness—with spiritual blessings. The land of promise was a fat and abounding land. The feast was a feast of good things. Corn and wine and oil were types, and facts too. Every sacrifice was consumed—the cattle on a thousand hills were to be eaten—the wine of Eschcol was to be drunk. And whenever a special solemnity, a holy time, a passover, or a dedication feast was to be celebrated, it was with rich and unstinted cheer. But temptation lurks in festivities. This is quite true. We venture to remark, however, that Almighty God knows this just as well as Dean Close, and yet, with these possible dangers before the eyes of the All Holy and All Pure, He ordains festivities. It is ours to resist those temptations; and if we fall,

we do not fall by reason of the festivities, nor does any human being lay them upon religion, except in that most unpractical sense in which man lays every sin upon the Author of fallible human nature. And as is the Law, so is the Gospel. He who inaugurated His career by being a guest at a marriage-feast—of which we know but little except that a great deal of wine was drunk at it—and who permitted his first-called Apostle to celebrate his conversion by making a great feast, He himself being present at it, can scarcely have condemned the principle of Christmas or any other festivities. Dean Close being of course a law to himself, we shall not trouble him with any historical proof of the connexion between religion and feasting; but as he sets up for being an especially Biblical Christian, we ask him to read his Bible.

But he goes a step further. He condemns in the mass “those places of amusement called theatres, which are in his judgment the receptacles of vice of every description.” Theatres might be all this; but will Dean Close pretend to say that he knows them to be such? He will not say that the catastrophe at the Victoria Theatre was a Divine judgment; though he sails so very near the wind when he talks of judgments and theatre-going in the same breath, that we should not at all wonder that the Carlisle Teetotallers smacked their abstaining lips, and thanked God that they were not even as those publicans of Lambeth Marsh. But he is quite prepared to say that theatres are the receptacles of vice of every description. Dean Close has, of course, never been at a theatre. We have. And our experience is directly contrary to the Very Reverend theory; and in such a case experience is better than theory. That's all. He knows nothing about the matter—of course he does not. We do.

If Dean Close really had at heart the moral interests of the young men whom, by teaching them to look only at their neighbours' sins, he at least assists in becoming Pharisees and hypocrites, he would turn such powers as he has to the important object of making those recreations which people will have, and ought to have, sound and useful, rather than waste his time in denouncing them in this coarse and summary way. Recreation is not only a permission, but a duty, and a Christian duty too. Theatres are especially the people's recreation. All mankind neither can nor ought to be eternally in front of the platform or in the lecture-hall. If people can get no theatres, they will have penny gaffs. The fact is that the theatre is a successful competitor with the gin shop; and on the whole we believe that the theatres of London, even the minor ones—even Dean Close's “low theatres on the south side of the Thames”—are respectably conducted. At any rate this is certain—that the more respectably they are conducted the more they are appreciated by the people; and the way to make them more respectable is to encourage the good in them, not to denounce them as mere antechambers to hell. To improve theatres is the tendency of things as they are; and in this current of public feeling it is the height, or depth rather, of folly to condemn in the mass what is every day improving. Not a theatre in London—even those of the lowest type, the Eagle, the Britannia Saloon, and those in the East of London—but has within a recent period been made really beautiful and artistic; and this material advance is only the sign of a moral elevation. John Wesley was wiser when he would not let the Devil have the monopoly of decent tunes; and if Dean Close had a tithe or a tithe of Wesley's sense, he would see that it is in the interest of religion to welcome and foster the rising good rather than to denounce the departing evil.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK.

MOST Londoners treat themselves freely to an exhibition which is weekly provided for them gratis in the shop windows. The different sides of Punch are displayed in different windows; and in a very short walk the economical spectator may delight himself with all the charming sketches which the humour, the sprightly kindness, and the skilful hand of Mr. Leech have provided him for the week's entertainment. Sometimes these sketches may be better, and sometimes worse; but they are always good; and whenever the artist makes any special effort, or brings any number of them together for a particular occasion, we cannot repress our wonder that so much rich fancy and spirited drawing should be apparently so inexhaustible. In *Punch's Almanack* for this year we have twenty sketches, all of more than usual excellence, collected in a very narrow space. Mr. Leech's sketches, of which those contained in the *Almanack* are such capital specimens, embody so many of the superficial peculiarities of English life that we take this opportunity of saying a few words about them, chiefly to express our sense of gratitude for the great pleasure they afford.

If ever these sketches fail to interest us, it is because they are repetitions of certain well-known and familiar types which the author has given us so often that we have no longer a sense of novelty when we see them. We all know Mr. Leech's horses and young ladies. *Punch's Almanack* opens with a large drawing, designed for no other apparent purpose than to bring in a great portion of Mr. Leech's stud. There is the horse that is going, and the horse that won't go—there is the well known lanky stiffnecked animal, and the equally well known square-set, hard-mouthed beast. This drawing does not interest us much, because we have seen these horses in a thousand drawings before, but if we pause to look at them we see how full of life and motion they are. A drawing of two ladies regretting the absence of a

party of men driving in a four-in-hand to Greenwich, also presents us with the familiar type of one section of Mr. Leech's ladies—the ladies who are brought in to exemplify female vanity or the follies of fashion. We may observe, in passing, that the fun of none of the sketches in the Almanack turns upon the use or abuse of crinoline, which has been worked in *Punch* till it has become a nuisance. The same style of young lady is introduced into a picture called "Husband Taming;" but here the ordinary effect of a group of well-known female figures and faces is relieved by the easy, happy drawing of the baby, and of the tamed husband who is nursing it. In one or two other sketches we have specimens of the other great species of Mr. Leech's ladies—those with whom a reasonable man ought to fall in love. The neat hat, and delicate profile, and abundant back-hair, show us at once what is the sentiment that the artist wishes to appeal to. But in these sketches there is something which adds the pleasure of drawing unexpectedly good to the general thought and execution of the main subject. In the sketch where two sets of lovers are amusing themselves on a windy day, the effect of wind on the clothes and on the attitudes of the figures introduced is so given that we can hardly attend to the love-passages, to which the wind is supposed to be subsidiary. Perhaps the effect on the ladies is given a little too accurately for delicacy, but nothing can be better than the manner in which the strength of the wind is indicated by the inclination of the male figure in the first picture. So, too, in a drawing called "The Lovers' Quarrel"—otherwise rather tame and conventional—the success with which the motion of dancing is conveyed by a stroke or two in the delineation of the groups in the distance is quite sufficient to redeem the sketch, and make it worthy of its companions.

One of the best points of this style of humorous drawing is that it enables the artist to dispense with the gross exaggeration of caricature. Mr. Leech gives us the comic side of daily life, and scarcely exaggerates anything, although, by a happy choice of subjects, and a still more happy rendering of the subject chosen, he awakens a keen sense of the ludicrous. In a drawing, for instance, of the disappointment experienced by a Londoner, who finds that the hated street-music has followed him to the sea-side, the fun of the sketch lies in the attitude of the cockney and in the face of the street musician. The maudlin, impertinent, utterly seedy, unaccommodating expression in the features of the latter, is contrasted with the restless horror of the smug, well-conditioned Paterfamilias. And in all the sketches of this artist there is an air of comfort and pleasantness in the representations of family life which makes them types at once truthful and attractive of English homes. On the background of the sketch where the cockney is the principal figure, we find numberless little touches that suggest what the artist wished should be suggested. The beaming matronly face of the Materfamilias, the outlines of the young ladies, the substantial plenty of the table, even down to the newly-cut tongue that has been the *pièce de résistance* of the repast, all transport us into the middle of a happy family scene. So, too, in the capital sketch of a picnic party overtaken by the tide, the jollity free from vulgarity, the oddity, the unexpected combinations of the party, are given by a series of touches each the evident result of much thought, and only realized by a facile and practised pencil. What could be better than the position of the gentleman riding on a donkey with a lady's saddle? The ease and joviality of the occasion are visible even in the way his legs hang down, and his face has the radiance of that simper—half-vacant, half-pert—which betrays the character most suitable and most popular at a picnic. Here, again, however, we venture to think that too much is made of the ladies being obliged to hold up their dresses, and if this is true to nature, the truth had better have been omitted. We may also, in speaking of the ludicrous effect of representations where the sketch is free from exaggeration, notice the comical yet wonderfully truthful look, position, and expression of the man who, in a sketch of bathing in the open sea, is depicted as endeavouring to get in at the end of the boat.

It is true that the sketches are not always confined within the area of ordinary life. But then the artist does not take us into extravagance or caricature, but merely into the unusual but possible forms of common things. There is a sketch of a very fat woman asking a bathing-woman to teach her to swim. Much of the fun consists in the contrast between the gaunt bathing-woman, with the clothes plastered down to her shape by the sea-water, and the big person, with endless folds of ample skirt, who asks her assistance. But the main idea of the drawing of course rests upon the ludicrousness of such a lady wishing to learn to swim. Now this lady is a very possible lady, and although in ordinary life such a person would not wish to be taught to swim, the oddity of her doing so rests upon a purely mental unlikelihood. The fun is not in her shape itself, but in the unexpected connexion of such a shape with such a project. Then, again, in what is perhaps the best sketch in the Almanack, an elderly hard-featured bride is plaguing a neatly got-up captain with her affection, in the honeymoon following a marriage made on his side for money. The combination of the lady's face with that of her victim is ludicrous in the extreme, but if uncommon, it is by no means impossible in ordinary life. The lady is a capital specimen of a tough old maid—the captain is the usual captain of army pictures. Neither sketch is unlike life. The unexpectedness and the consequent ludicrousness of the scene lie entirely in the combination and contrast of the two persons nominally

united by conjugal affection. This is a very great advance on the old art of caricaturing. Thirty years ago the fat lady would have been a female Daniel Lambert, and the elderly bride would have been like one of the witches in *Macbeth*.

We are also removed from the life with which we are familiar, but kept still within the bounds of the possible, in one or two sketches belonging to a class of Mr. Leech's drawings which always have the novelty of surprise, and always amuse us and arrest our attention—those taken from the life of the peculiar population of the streets of London. Who does not know the cabmen, the servant girls, the policemen, and the dirty little boys, that are always so new and so irresistible? In the Almanack there are two specimens. In one, two little boys go up to the smart wooden figure of a model little gent outside a cheap tailor's shop, and propose to pitch into him as "a bloated aristocrat." In the other, which is more amusing, a boy imprisoned inside an artfully combined advertising sandwich is being tickled with a straw by a mischievous practical joker. The humorous patient yet indignant look of the sufferer is admirable. It is a picture in itself. From the beginning to the end, from the hunting-piece to *Punch* carrying the Christmas plum-pudding, there is a continued profusion of good things; and of almost all it may be said that the first glance, although it conveys the joke and gives the general impression of what is intended to be conveyed, cannot possibly do justice to the contents of the drawing. The whole fun, and the whole merit of the drawing, cannot be estimated until the details have been minutely examined.

#### VEGETABLE SURGERY.

THE applications of science to the service of mankind are so rapidly extending in every direction that few can keep pace with them, except by devoting a large part of their time to reading the European and American periodicals that are incessantly announcing the results of new speculation and experimental inquiry. The title which we have placed at the head of this article seems applicable to a branch of applied science originated of late years in France, which, though still in its infancy, deserves more attention than it has yet received in this country. Every one knows that shrubs and trees are liable to decay, but beyond imperfect attempts to protect them from the more obvious causes of destruction, and so delay the fate that was impending, no one seems to have thought of seeking out expedients that might restore to health and vigour trees already in a diseased state. The proposal to apply for this purpose a system of rational treatment founded on sound scientific principles, deserves the notice not only of those who are interested as proprietors in the preservation of timber—often doubly valuable by connexion with local and family traditions—but still more that of the much more numerous class who inhabit large towns. Trees planted in the interior, or remaining in the midst, of the rapidly spreading suburbs of this metropolis and of our great manufacturing towns, are exposed to many peculiar causes of destruction; and as they are valuable public property, in whose preservation the poor, even more than the wealthy, are interested, it is very desirable that the success of the new system should, as soon as possible, be tested by careful experiment.

Of the external causes that produce or hasten decay in trees, the most important are moisture, introduced through wounds in the trunk or branches, and insects that burrow into the bark and finally attack the wood. These causes, indeed, generally act together. Moisture, causing local decay, facilitates the attacks of wood-eating insects, and these in their turn prepare the passages by which water gains access to new portions of the tree. External enemies, however, have but a limited power of mischief so long as a tree is in vigorous health. Some naturalists have gone so far as to deny that insects ever attack trees not already in a diseased state. This incorrect impression has probably arisen from the fact that wherever there is room for choice they select the least healthy trunks, sometimes even when completely dead. A knowledge of this circumstance has in some parts of Germany suggested the plan of placing near to trees that it is desired to protect the felled stumps of decayed individuals of the same species. These become traps in which the eggs that are to produce the next year's brood are deposited, and when they are cast into the fire whole legions of tree-destroyers are cut off, to the great inconvenience of the woodpeckers, and the entire satisfaction of those who grieve to see old trees taken away from the scenes that they have adorned through the lifetime of successive generations of men. This expedient, however, is but of limited application. Unsightly logs cannot be placed in public parks and gardens, nor is it certain that all the insect enemies of trees give a preference to the dead over the living trunk. The art of the vegetable surgeon aims at the restoration to health and vigour of trees in which insects have already made a settlement. The species upon which he wages war are many and various in their habits and character, and a close attention to the peculiar mode of attack adopted by each of them will doubtless suggest the most appropriate means of counteraction.

In France, and likewise in this country, the greatest ravages are committed by animals of the beetle tribe, belonging to the genus *Scolytes*, that infest elms and oaks. Let us take as a sample of the rest the proceedings of the *Scolytes destructor*, the chief enemy of old elms—younger trees being preferred by another species of the same family. In the autumn, the female



insect establishes itself in some deep crack in the bark of the tree, and thence drives a tunnel straight upward under the surface of the bark. In this it lays its eggs, and then dies. In the following season the larvae, if they have escaped being eaten up by the young carnivorous *Ichneumon*s that sometimes follow them into their retreat, set to work to make new passages under the bark. They start in a horizontal direction at right angles to the original entrance, and continue in a zigzag course until the period arrives for their transformation into the perfect state. When that change has taken place, they fly away, and in due time the females recommence the same operation on the same or on other adjoining trees. It seems that the *Scolytes* rarely attack the wood of the tree, but, by the means which we have described, they give lodging to a host of other creatures that are ready to do so, and, worse than all, to moisture that promotes decomposition.

The mode of treatment which has been adopted with great success upon diseased elms in Paris and elsewhere in France by M. Robert, was suggested by a consideration of the laws of vegetable physiology, and a knowledge of the peculiar habits of the animals to which we have already referred. All the trees that grow in this climate belong to the class of exogens. They increase by the annual growth of a layer of new wood between the bark and the trunk, and of a corresponding but much thinner layer which is added to the bark. In an old tree, the inner part of the trunk serves no other purpose than to give it strength to bear the weight of the branches and to resist outward shocks, and the outer part of the bark is a mere covering to protect the vegetative processes from extremes of heat and cold. So far as the trunk is concerned, the only part that can be truly said to *live* is the fibrous layer called *liber*, separating the true bark from the wood, the new wood formed inside it, and the inner layer of bark that surrounds it.

So much is necessary to explain to non-botanical readers the principle of the system adopted by M. Robert. When a diseased tree is committed to his care, his first business, like that of every good surgeon, is to clean the wounds of his patient. Any rotten wood is carefully removed and the surface scraped clean. To stop further decay, the exposed surface is covered with tar or any other substance that will exclude air or moisture. Particular care is taken not to injure any remaining portions of the inner bark, or *liber*, that show signs of life, and to avoid covering these with any substance that would exclude the air. This process in itself often suffices to stimulate the activity of the vegetative processes, and stop the progress of decay, but where the *Scolytes* have attacked the bark further means must be used to check their activity.

Proceeding cautiously in his experiments, M. Robert first adopted the plan of making longitudinal incisions in the bark down to the *liber*, but not cutting into it. The access of air and diminished pressure stimulate the activity of vegetation; the sap flows into the wounds, and new tissues are formed which sometimes form raised edges along the scars. As the larvae of the *Scolytes* either cannot or will not attack the tissues in which vegetation is actively proceeding, they are in this way restricted within the space remaining between two longitudinal incisions. It was found, however, more effectual to strip off here and there the whole of the bark between two adjoining incisions, taking care to leave the *liber* uninjured. The only additional caution necessary was to avoid performing the operation in hot weather, when the vegetation of the exposed portions might suffer from the loss of the protecting bark. The results seem to have been sufficiently satisfactory, but still the portions of bark left on the tree afforded a certain limited shelter to insects, and the appearance of trunks treated in this fashion was very unsightly. There remained a further step to bring the system to perfection. This consisted in boldly stripping off the whole of the outer bark from the trunks and principal branches. The experiments made upon many diseased trees in the public places in Paris have been perfectly successful. Not only do the trees gain by being delivered from the attacks of all the creatures that lodged themselves in the bark, but it is apparent that, when properly performed, the removal of the bark stimulates the activity of vegetation in the tree, and causes a more rapid development of wood. It is possible even that the adoption of the same treatment for healthy trees might considerably accelerate their growth; but as it is likely that the increase of quantity would be gained at the expense of the quality of the wood, the process should probably be reserved for ornamental timber.

It will strike many of our readers that there is nothing altogether new in the processes adopted by M. Robert. Gardeners have long known that incisions in the surface of the bark promote the growth of fruit-trees, chiefly, it would seem, by the removal of mechanical restraint upon the growth of the new wood; and sickly apple-trees are sometimes restored to health by scraping away the outside of the bark with the lichens which cover it. M. Robert, so far as we know, was the first to perceive the rationale of these expedients, and to extend them into a scientific system.

The subject well deserves the attention of both the departments formerly united under the head of her Majesty's Woods and Forests, but especially of that which has the control of the parks of the metropolis. Trees in towns are exposed to many peculiar sources of injury. In addition to the unfavourable influence of an atmosphere charged with the products of combus-

tion, and a variety of other chemical processes, the soil about the roots is continually trodden down, making more difficult the access of air and moisture; while sleep, which is as necessary to plants as to animals, is interfered with by the gas-light, which disturbs the leaves in their natural functions. No reasonable care should be spared to counteract these and other agencies that threaten the existence of objects whose loss could not be repaired in the lifetime of the present generation. We have thought it well to call attention to the progress that has already been made towards an improved mode of treatment. Further experience may probably extend considerably the sphere of action of this new branch of the curative art, and, in the meantime, valuable information in regard to details could probably be obtained by application to the local authorities in Paris, who have shown a just anxiety to take advantage of the experience of M. Robert, the founder of the system of which we have given an outline.

#### "NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR WRITERS."

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—I observe an article in your number for January 1, containing some observations upon my essay on Newspapers and their Writers, recently published in the Cambridge Series, in which you take exception (although in a very friendly spirit) to the suggestion thrown out in that essay of enlarging the circle of professions commonly considered aristocratic. Your argument embraces two heads. The first refers to the broader question which I incidentally raise, and is to the effect that the "outside professions," as you term them, are destitute of the gilded capitals which crown the clerical, forensic, military, and naval professions; and that, accordingly, their graduation in the pages of Burke and Lodge would be impossible without an overset of English society, resulting in life peerages for all kinds of professional eminence. Your second objection deals with the particular application which I make of my principle in reference to journalism, and is based upon its non-formal organization, the great variety of merit, moral and literary, found within its limits, and the (generally-speaking) very moderate remuneration which it can hold out to the aspirant after occupation.

The first of these questions—the enlargement of the circle of gentle professions currently open to the younger sons of noble and quasi-noble families—has long been a point on which I have entertained very decided opinions; and it was, perhaps, on account of my own mind being so entirely made up, that I skimmed over, rather than proved, the point in the essay. The argument drawn from the risk of the enlargement leading to a life peerage is ingenious; but I cannot admit your premises. The days in which the screams proceeding from the nursery were accounted for by the statement that the Major was crying for his porridge, have happily passed away, and I believe that the considerations which influence the averagely respectable parent in every condition of life, in the selection of a profession for his averagely respectable son, are much more alike than they are usually supposed to be. They may be simply expressed as the desire to see that son in some position which will enable him to earn an honest livelihood without undergoing the mortifying risk of being cut off by that position from the society in which he was born. Success by private interest is of course a calculation not overlooked by any but a very high-minded father. The peer, however, does not more systematically review his influence at the Horse Guards or the Admiralty than the steward does his own with his lordship, the tenant-farmer his with the steward, or the labourer that which he may possess with the tenant-farmer. We must attain a paradisaical era of universal competitive examination before the employment of private interest can be wholly divorced from Jack's establishment in life; and, to quote your own expression, I think you "will attain a good old age" before that day comes. But I do flatter myself that merit, as contrasted with mere interest, stands at present on a different footing from that on which it stood in Walpole's and Pulteney's days. Supposing that the peer's son's choice between the army and the navy may in some instances turn upon the influence which his family is supposed to possess at one or the other of the offices administering those professions, no less may the son of my lord's agent decide between entering the office of the local solicitor or learning the science of farming, according as the law business of the whole estate is likely to be profitable, or the best farms soon to fall in. On what, then, is the principle based which maintains the distinction that exists, even more strongly according to your showing than to mine—for the term "outside professions" is yours—between them and the inside professions of orders, the bar, the army, and the navy? I argue that it rests on a prejudice, the nature of which I shall later proceed to explain. You contend that it is founded upon the promptings of a very far-sighted policy—namely, that the inside professions are all four of them avenues which may perhaps lead up to the House of Lords; and you proceed to frighten me by the anticipation that, if I have my own way, I must open up new lines to the Olympian homes for the "noble" and "honourable" practitioners of "outside professions"—lines so numerous and so crowded that the throngs which tread them must be put off with life peerages. The *onus probandi* lies with you to show that the chance of a seat in the House of Lords fills any serious place,

except perhaps in a fond mother's dream, in the selection of the young aristocrat's vocation within the inside ring.

The one exception which might be urged occurs in that one profession in whose case life-pepages already exist. But we all know that aristocratic bishops cannot be now appointed in such numbers as during the last century. How stands the matter in reference to the three other professions—the bar, the army, and the navy? If your argument were sound, you would be able to show me that, of the seats won in the Upper House by members of those three professions, a considerable minority at least had fallen to the share of young men of title. How many do you suppose have been won during the present century? To the best of my recollection, the following list includes the whole number. The Honourable T. Erskine, after trying both army and navy, won the Great Seal and a peerage. In the army, the Honourable Arthur Wellesley, Sir Stapylton Cotton, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset reached the House of Lords; and the Earl of Hopetoun had an English peerage conferred upon him. The Honourable C. B. Stewart, too, had a barony conferred on him when his succession to the peerage of Londonderry was virtually certain. In the navy, no instance is to be found—the Honourable W. Waldegrave having been made Lord Radstock in the Irish peerage three days before the expiration of the eighteenth century, while the Barony of Prudhoe, conferred on the actual Duke of Northumberland when still Lord Algernon Percy, was not specially granted for naval services. In the face of these facts it is useless to contend, as you do, that the “young lord” limits his choice to those four professions because they are apt to lead to the peerage, which you term “the only practicable and satisfactory mark of honour.” If we throw in that pre-eminently aristocratic, but limited profession, “diplomacy,” which both you and I forgot, you will only slightly strengthen your case. Depend upon it, with peer and with peasant, the dear life is the great consideration, and the opening out for his boy of new professions less expensive in their outfit, and less expensive in the habits of life they engender, may be often as great a charity to the lord of broad, yet heavily-charged acres, as the Government emigration bounty is to the labourer who mows his pleasure-ground.

Whence, then, does the prejudice against the outside, and in favour of the inside, professions proceed? It is to my mind simply a spurious aftergrowth of feudalism, like the custom which so long prevailed among the staidest members of society of wearing the small sword, to show that they “writ armigeri”—or the etiquette which prevailed till the invention of the levelling railroad, which mulcted Mr. Briefless on circuit in his share of a post-chaise, because only attorneys could demean themselves to use the coach—or the horror that existed not more than thirty years ago among young fashionables of being caught driving up to a party in a hack carriage. We may now afford to laugh at all these and many cognate absurdities, but they once exercised a tyranny as potent over the mind of society as the ambiguous position which the outside professions still hold; and yet they have successively died away in the lifetime of men who began their active career while they were in full force, and who have seen them expire long before they had attained a “good old age.” My Lord Duke, who a quarter of a century since posted down the North-road in his chariot and four, now hustling at Euston-square or King's-cross for his ticket, symbolizes a social revolution as wonderful as that which I foreshadow.

The pseudo-feudal character of the objection to such professions is also shown by the existence of a large class of occupations which combine very moderate stipends, no prospects of a peerage, and work both onerous in its amount and of a kind very frequently to gall, by its subservient character, a proud susceptible nature, yet which are, for all that, considered legitimately open to the sons of the noblesse. I mean the long roll of offices at Court, in the Houses of Parliament, in public departments, and the less eligible consular appointments. Why are these of aristocratic rank? Because they have to do with dignitaries, because their occupants are the immediate servants either of Majesty or of the high powers of the State. Nothing can be so thoroughly feudal as this reason, and I quite admit its force, while I contend that other professions, exacting services of a less dependent nature, ought not to be tabooed. Curiously enough, in old Scotland—preeminently feudal and aristocratic as it was—medicine used to be an “inside profession.” The part which Dr. Cameron—Lochiel's brother—played in 1745, will be familiar to all students of that time. Mind, I do not for one moment urge (as you almost seem to assume) that any lord or any honourable ought to be forced into an outside profession. What I argue for is free-trade. Let the aristocracy—who no longer strut about girt with sword, and no longer sweep the highways in their coaches and four—conform to the times in one more particular also, of no inconsiderable importance to their own material and social well-being, by agreeing, under tacit consent, to leave it open, without frown or shake of the head or sigh, to their sons to follow their bent in any professions the members of which already write “Esq.” after their names. If many avail themselves of this liberty, their numbers will show that the concession was not made before it was wanted. If few do, then those few will be gainers by the concession, and the rest of the world will go on as before. The bold speculators in favour and success who look to the House of Lords for the lad of eighteen, will look to it still. The

more numerous and less aspiring numbers, who see nothing more in orders, the bar, the army, and the navy, than a gentleman's respectable way of spending his time and earning his subsistence, will not do so the less for the change, although, for those who like it, other ways as gentlemanly and respectable in their eyes have been opened up. Those, on the other hand, who are now forced into the inside professions against the grain, will find their way to more congenial means of livelihood. To the members of the enfranchised professions themselves, whether the number of aristocratic recruits they count be great or small, the *potentiality* of aristocracy will convey a solid addition of general social standing, which, in its turn, will prove advantageous to the aristocracy itself by widening the circles of those who feel a direct sympathy with it. So far, in short, from weakening the status of the aristocracy in England, the change will, I believe, extend and strengthen its legitimate influence, by breaking down that supposed antagonism which some writers amuse themselves with fostering between the so-called “upper” and so-called “upper middle” classes.

Your remarks upon the special application which I make of my theory to journalism, which forms the second head of your article, may be more briefly treated. In proportion as you prove your own case, you prove mine. The less formed journalism is as a profession, the more it needs formation and graduation in all that will raise it.

I do not urge any one being forced into it. All that I say is, let it be open to any one who pleases to enter it as writer or as reporter, and the higher his social position is, the more will he benefit his calling, together with himself. You urge the rapidity with which a man of talent can make himself a writer, and the facility with which he can combine journalism with other professions. Granting, for argument's sake, that you do not understate the peculiar training needed to wield the pen efficiently, I reply, so much the more reason for the clever youth of family not to demur to making his money on the daily or weekly press. “But,” say you, “journals are of such different classes”—some more, some less respectable. So are the gradations of all professions. The highest and the lowest paper cannot be more different in their *morale* than Butler or Secker was from the drunken parson whom Hogarth painted, or the bucolic vicar whom Smollett described. The High Chancery barrister would not easily brook comparison with the Old Bailey practitioner. But the existence of a less respectable branch does not operate against the selection of these inside professions by men of high birth. Let them be as sensible in regard to journalism, and they will indirectly contribute to the comparative purification even of the least desirable classes of journals. Your argument drawn from the small income derivable, generally speaking, from journalism, does not weigh with me. If we take your “inside” professions all round, I believe that the average net income which can be set down as strictly professional would be far below 1000*l.* a year. The journalist has neither to keep a curate and largely subsidize the village schools and charities, nor to sink capital in commissions, and spend the revenue so gained on costly uniforms and expensive messes; and if he finds that occupation does not come to him, there is no court which he must frequent with empty bag—no chambers on which he must write his name. He discovers that he has mistaken his vocation, and he betakes himself to some other source of income.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. J. B. BEESFORD HOPE.

## REVIEWS.

### THE STATE TRIALS.\*

HOWELL'S *State Trials* extend from the proceedings against Thomas à Becket in 1163 to the trial of Thistlewood and others for the Cato-street Conspiracy in 1820. Since that time, thirty-eight years have passed, which have been marked by a large number of criminal proceedings of the very highest interest, both public and private. In the hope that we may induce some competent person to continue this great historical collection down to our own times, we propose to attempt to show, as well as our limits will permit, how important in every point of view such a work would be.

Some years since, a gentleman who passed some months in Paris, and was anxious to make himself familiar with the language and character of the people, was advised to obtain that object by frequenting the theatres. He preferred to devote his time to an assiduous attendance at the criminal courts; and whatever may be thought of his taste, we have little doubt of the correctness of his judgment. There is indeed no place in the world where so great and so interesting a variety of human transactions is described as in a court of criminal justice, and the descriptions given there have the advantage of being invested with all the authenticity that the most careful precautions can secure. The subject-matter of a criminal trial is always of a dramatic nature, but it has two enormous advantages over dramatic representations in point of interest. In the first place, there is no illusion or deception. Everything which is described

\* A Complete Collection of State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanours, from the Earliest Period to the Year 1820. By T. B. Howell and T. J. Howell. 33 vols. 1826.



at all is described as it really happened, and not as some imaginative person considers that it might have happened. And in the second place, the process itself is not a mere toy brought forward to amuse the spectators, but a most serious business, upon the issue of which liberty, and sometimes life, depends, and towards the due transaction of which the presence of numerous spectators is a most important aid. These considerations sufficiently account for the interest with which the administration of criminal justice has always been regarded, and they supply the strongest possible proof of the value and social interest of trustworthy reports of important cases. In this country, however, the mere social bearings of remarkable trials are almost thrown into the shade by their political and historical importance. Notorious as the fact is, we are a little apt to forget a circumstance which greatly enhances its interest. England is the only considerable nation in the world that can boast of a system of criminal justice which has for any length of time been so managed as to command universal respect. In almost every other part of Europe, and especially in France before the Revolution, there was a want, not only of the publicity and of the fairness, but of the unity which is absolutely essential to such a result. It has become a sort of commonplace to speak of England as an illogical, unsystematic nation, in which great designs and well-proportioned institutions are nowhere to be found. Our mode of conducting the administration of justice is perhaps the strongest evidence that could be given of the falsehood of this opinion. Till within the last sixty or seventy years, there was hardly a nation in Europe except our own that proceeded upon any system at all in the most important of all the functions which nations have to discharge. It is hard to imagine anything so irregular, so complicated, so contradictory and fragmentary as the arrangements of the old French Courts, unless it be the law which they administered. Our present system has retained the main outlines of its plan for fully five centuries, and they may be traced, to a very considerable degree indeed, in institutions of which some are certainly as old as the days of Henry II., whilst others existed under the Anglo-Saxons. The history of Parliament itself is hardly more instructive in a political point of view than that of our courts of justice, and this history is told with incomparable vivacity, authenticity, and fulness in the *State Trials*.

In support of what we have said, we will attempt to illustrate briefly the historical, social, and legal importance of this great collection. Its contents may be divided into two great parts, one of which consists of reports of public, and the other of reports of private trials. The first is much the larger and much the better known of the two. The principal periods of our history at which political trials have been both common and of vital importance to the State are the reigns of Charles I., Charles II., James II., and George III.; and it is hardly too much to say that at each of those periods the two great parties between which the nation has always been divided were brought face to face in the courts of law to decide their differences. This fact is one of the most memorable, and also one of the most glorious, in the whole history of England. It could have happened in no other country, for there is no other country (except those which derive their institutions from ourselves) in which the absolute supremacy of the law, even over the agents of the executive power, has been uniformly recognised and acted upon. Since the day when our oldest legal writer laid it down that "ipse rex debet esse . . . sub Deo et sub lege, quia lex facit regem," this nation has been distinguished from all others by the circumstance that no power whatever belongs to the Government, as such, except that which the law gives it. We neither have nor ever have had what in France is known by the justly odious name of "droit administratif." In France, Hampden could never have tested the legality of ship-money; nor would any action have lain against constables or soldiers who might have thrown the Seven Bishops into prison without a trial, or turned Horne Tooke and the Corresponding Society out of doors, and prevented Hardy and Thelwall by main force from making fools of themselves.

These reflections, which it is not unnecessary to recal in days when our institutions are vilified by tyrants on the one hand, and by ignorant demagogues and shallow popular writers on the other, are, we fear, as trite as they are true. It is, perhaps, a less familiar remark that the *State Trials*, like most other original historical authorities, give a strong lesson of moderation. There are certain periods of history upon which a sort of political orthodoxy demands that we should all be partisans. Every one is bound to believe that ship-money, for example, was not only an odious exaction, but that it was a monstrous and barefaced violation of the law. If any one will make an effort to put himself in the position of the judges before whom Hampden's case was argued, and will read the whole of the arguments on both sides that were addressed to them, we think he will arrive at a somewhat different conclusion. The broad principle that money can only be raised by Parliamentary taxation is so firmly established in our minds that we are very apt indeed to antedate it. The precise point of the argument of St. John and his associates was a much narrower and a much more doubtful one than any one would believe who was content with the conventional views of history usually current amongst us. A somewhat similar lesson is to be learnt from more recent trials. We are accustomed to look upon the prosecutions for libel which were so common all through the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the present

century, as fundamentally unjust and tyrannical, and to suppose that Lord Erskine's view of the law as to the right of the jury to judge whether the matter published was libellous or not, was manifestly and obviously true. It is a curious experiment to read the full reports and the arguments on the other side, and to see whether, when the question of policy is rigidly excluded from consideration, the law could be said to be clearly opposed to such men as Lord Mansfield and Justice Buller. The famous case of the Dean of St. Asaph is an excellent illustration of this; and we confess that Erskine's heroics have been so superabundantly glorified that the cool atmosphere of special pleading which Justice Buller threw over the question at issue is to us excessively refreshing. Nothing can be more exquisitely characteristic of an English court than the irony with which the calm Judge reminded the ardent advocate that the finding of the jury ("guilty of publishing only") negated the averment in the information that G. in the libel stood for "gentleman," and F. for "farmer," and that, if judgment were given on a record in that state, it would be error in the record. The sharpness of the objection is in itself remarkable enough, but the contempt for the eloquent assertion of general principles which was implied in taking the objection is as good an instance as could anywhere be found of the healthy cynicism by which Buller, like many of the abler members of the profession, was distinguished.

The mention of Erskine's name suggests the observation that one singular result of recurring to original sources of information is that the process greatly modifies the popular estimate of the characters of particular persons. The principal characteristic usually associated with Erskine's name is a high pitch of flowery eloquence. The parts of his career which are remembered are those apostrophes which, in collections of his speeches, are printed in small capitals—such as the dragging of Lord Sandwich before the Court of King's Bench, and the description of the Indian who "raised the war-cry peculiar to his people." This impression, however, is a most unfair one. The real gift which made Erskine a great speaker was his extraordinary logical power. All his great speeches are framed upon a system of the most curious completeness and symmetry. Surviving contemporaries have compared them to the speeches of Sir William Follett. They are disfigured here and there with the egotism which Canning ridiculed so happily in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and with somewhat tawdry pieces of declamation, which, it is said, were inserted by the author after the speeches in which they are now found had been delivered, and when they were collected for republication; but if any one of his more famous and successful efforts be analysed, it will be found to have been constructed on a most rigid scheme. Perhaps the best illustration that can be given of this is his argument before the full Court as to the effect of the verdict in the Dean of St. Asaph's case. His defence of Hatfield, in which he anticipates the subtle questions in relation to insanity which have since his time given rise to so much controversy, is another instance of the same thing. It forms a sort of preface to Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's magnificent defence of MacNaghten. The defence of Lord Thanet and Mr. Fergusson for a riot in Court at Maidstone sets the same peculiarity in a light even more powerful. Mr. O'Connor, a priest named O'Coigly, and some others, were tried at Maidstone, by a Special Commission, for high treason. O'Connor was acquitted, and as another warrant was out against him, he attempted to force his way out of Court before he could be taken. A great tumult ensued, in which Lord Thanet and Mr. Fergusson (one of the counsel for the prisoners) were said to have taken part. Inasmuch as ten or twelve people were pushing each other about by candlelight, in a narrow passage, the scene was naturally one of great confusion; but the neatness with which Erskine picked out each particular incident, and pieced the whole story together like so much cabinet-work, is wonderfully curious. To show that, in the description of such a scene, a man must have perjured himself who said that a person jumped on to a table a few minutes before he really did jump upon it, is a great triumph of that peculiar gift which enables men to argue upon questions of fact; but hardly any one whose notion of Erskine was derived from common histories would have supposed that he was pre-eminently distinguished for his accomplishments in that particular. The most curious part of Lord Thanet's trial, however, is that, though he seems to have been innocent, he was convicted, solely by the skill with which Lord Ellenborough (then Mr. Law) cross-examined Sheridan, who was called to give evidence for the defendants.

It would be endless to mention the historic doubts to which a study of the *State Trials* gives rise. We may, however, observe that they give us the impression that Lord Macaulay spoke in too unqualified a manner of Impey. We have not read the whole of Nuncomar's trial; but certainly the judge's summing-up dwelt strongly on the points which were favourable to the prisoner. Indeed, he went further than judges in England were at that period accustomed to go in cases of felony. The counsel for the prisoner were not allowed in such cases to address the jury. In Nuncomar's trial, Impey referred to this rule, and said that in consequence of it he would read to the jury the remarks upon the case which had been made by the counsel, and handed up to the bench. In fact, the charge throughout reads as if it were intended to produce an acquittal. As, however, we have not studied the evidence, we may be mistaken as to its real character; but Lord Macaulay should, we think, have discussed

the matter more fully than he did. He charges Impey with a judicial murder in refusing to reprieve Nuncomar after sentence was passed upon him. That may or may not be a fair remark; but Impey ought at any rate to have had credit for trying the case fairly, and even indulgently, if the fact were so.

The great charm of the *State Trials* to common readers lies in the light which they throw upon a thousand apparently trivial but really characteristic incidents. Novels in the present day paint the daily life of all classes with the most elaborate minuteness, but a novelist can never be trusted. It is impossible to say how much allowance is to be made on the score of the necessities of the story, the temper of the individual writer, and a hundred other circumstances. In a trial, all the incidents are described on oath; and even where there is perjury or inaccuracy, the matter stated is sure to be described as it probably would have happened, because no one knowingly tells an improbable lie, or is deceived by a defect of memory into thinking that an improbable incident happened. The reader of the *State Trials* may therefore rely with implicit confidence on the truth of the representations which they give of the manners and customs of the people. They are, in fact, full of such descriptions. If any one wants to know how poor people and vagrants passed their ordinary days just a hundred years ago, he cannot do better than read the trial (which made all England ring) of Elizabeth Canning for perjury. The substance of her story was, that she was forcibly carried away to a house at Enfield, where she was imprisoned for a month, when she effected her escape to London. Certain persons whom she named were arrested and tried upon this charge, and afterwards she was tried for perjury. The charge was supported by a most minute description of the house and the habits of the people who lived there, as well as by an *alibi* on the part of certain gipsies who, as she said, had been involved in the crime. They succeeded in tracing their route from Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire to Enfield, by calling witnesses who remembered a dance in a village alehouse, a flood where one of the gipsies got a lift across the waters on horseback, and a number of the other small matters of which every-day life is composed. No novel could bring the common people and their average daily pursuits so vividly before the mind.

The general result of reading a large number of such stories is exceedingly curious. They establish the identity of the national character through several centuries with an exactness and minuteness which is perfectly marvellous. Any one who is accustomed to Westminster Hall, the Old Bailey, and the Assizes, feels at once that in half an hour he would have been quite at home in any English court that has sat for many generations. Even Jefferies and the Bloody Circuit are not, to such a person, the unintelligible and horrible phantoms which they are to the mere readers of Hume or Lord Macaulay. A lawyer has only got to imagine the bench occupied by the greatest blackguard that ever browbeat witnesses at the Old Bailey, and to recollect how that gentleman behaves when he is in his worst temper, and (if he has ever seen him in that condition) when he is a little drunk, and he will have as perfect a picture of Jefferies as need be desired. The prisoners and the witnesses are ludicrously like modern prisoners and witnesses, and the whole mental furniture and training of the barristers are all but identical, though of course their special demeanour varies with the period and with the state of public feeling. It is, however, no difficult matter, after making such allowances, to derive a very accurate notion of the courts not only of the Stuarts, but even of the Tudors, from a knowledge of the courts of Queen Victoria. The resemblance between the witnesses at the different periods is even more striking than the resemblance between the lawyers. This appears more clearly in private than in political trials, as the latter always involve feelings more or less exceptional. As an illustration, we may refer to the case of a clergyman named Hawkins, who was tried for theft at Aylesbury, before Chief Justice (then Chief Baron) Hale, in the reign of Charles II. The accusation was concocted by some of his parishioners who had a grudge against him. All the incidents of the case, down to the tone in which the prisoner (who is also the reporter) tells the story of his acquittal, might, with a very few alterations, be reproduced in the *Times* as occurrences of our own day without exciting any suspicion as to their authenticity. Indeed, if any one wished to gain a vivid and authentic notion of the English people, no history that ever was written can be for a moment compared to the *State Trials*. They appear to us to attain, as far as they go, the object at which Lord Macaulay aims, of producing a complete resurrection of the actors and incidents of past times; and they do this with a sobriety of tint which is, to our mind, far more impressive than Lord Macaulay's brilliant colours.

If the series should ever be continued, the means by which this effect is produced should be studiously borne in mind. The great cause of it is the fact that all the proceedings, down to the challenges of jurors and the most unimportant arguments on points of law, are reported verbatim, the examinations of witnesses being given for the most part in question and answer, and all comment or abbreviation being studiously suppressed. In our own days this is seldom done, though we could mention a few cases which form an exception. Palmer's trial was reported with admirable minuteness, and so was MacNaghten's; but the Sessions paper published every month by the City authorities, and purporting to be a verbatim report of the trials at the Old Bailey, is destitute of pictorial value, as it only gives the sub-

stance of the evidence, and not even any notice of the speeches of counsel or the summing-up of the judge. A vast number of trials have occurred within the last forty years which might very properly find a place in such a collection. Queen Caroline's trial—the trials of O'Connell in 1834 and 1844, and of Frost, Williams, and others, in 1840—the trial of Bernard—the trials of Smith O'Brien, Mitchel, and the other Irish traitors and felons of that period—the trials of the London rioters in 1848—the trial of the Glasgow Trades' Union conspirators, and some others, throw more light on the social, political, and personal history of England during the present generation than whole volumes of essays on the subject. As to the private crimes which have taken place in the same period, any number of volumes might be filled with the most curious reports of them—reports which would illustrate the state of society amongst us better than all the novels that ever were written. To take a single case which every one remembers—the trial of Palmer—what can give a better notion of the routine of a betting man's life, of an illness at an inn at a country town, of the common business transactions which take place after a death, or of the way in which inquests are held, than the evidence given on that occasion? So long as the full report of that trial remains, twenty fair average pictures of every-day English middle life in the nineteenth century will be stereotyped for the instruction of the world—to say nothing of the awful tragedy with which they were connected.

The want of this minuteness, and the habit of condensation and selection, utterly destroy the value of several attempts which have been made to form collections of trials. The *Causés Célèbres*, so far as we are acquainted with it, is all but worthless. It is a collection of very odd stories, told all in the same style, and teaching the reader nothing whatever either about French law or about France. Some French reports are, however, very good. The trial of Madame Laffarge was well reported, and we have seen others which deserved the same praise; but a report which is not a report, but a history, is of no use at all. Mr. Townshend's *Modern State Trials* appears to us to be a total failure on this account. If such a book is to be published at all, there are but two ways of doing it properly. It should either contain a verbatim report of everything that took place, with a full copy of every document, or it should be thrown into the form of a mere legal statement of what is essential in a legal point of view. In the first case, it will be a great historical monument—in the second, a useful law-book. If it is anything between the two, it will be waste paper.

Apart from the social and historical value of such a work, its legal importance would be very great. English law can only be understood historically, and nothing is more curious than to trace the gradual and almost imperceptible growth of the rules of evidence and practice from the days of the Stuarts to our own time. Our system of criminal procedure has now reached its fullest development. Probably it will soon be considerably modified by at least two great changes—the establishment of a system of public prosecutors, and the introduction of the practice of examining the prisoner. These changes may, no doubt, be so managed as to produce great public good; but it is very desirable that an authentic and accessible record should be preserved of the mode in which our existing system worked at the period of its greatest perfection.

Booksellers in the present day are apt to shrink—perhaps justly enough—from what are virtually national undertakings; but the one which we advocate would be sure to command a considerable amount of success, if it were performed with anything like competent skill.

#### WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?\*

A NOTICE inserted by Messrs. Blackwood at the beginning of these volumes informs us that the whole manuscript was in their hands some months before Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton took office, so that we are deprived of the satisfaction of thinking that one of the Secretaries of State devotes his leisure hours to our amusement. *What will He do with It?* is nothing more than the latest production of the author of *Pelham*, *Zanoni*, and the *Caxtons*. When we remember how many years it is since *Pelham* was written, and into what endless diversity of occupations, literary and other, its author has since carried his industry and his energy, we may well be surprised to find that what must be something like his twentieth novel is still so good. Sir Edward Lytton's reputation would have stood quite as high if *What will He do with It?* had never been written; but we should not have had so much occasion to admire his powers. We have had examples of exhausted novelists sufficiently numerous and sufficiently recent to make us appreciate the vigour of mind implied in the goodness of a novel that has had so many predecessors. Sir Edward Lytton has written much better novels, but he has also written worse. Of the plot and characters of a work which all novel readers are sure to read, it is unnecessary to speak in detail; but as this is a very good specimen of the average novel which Sir Edward Lytton produces, we take the opportunity to point out one or two of the more marked characteristics that appear in his novels generally, and in his latest as much as in any.

\* *What will He do with It?* By Pisinistratus Caxton. 4 vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Co. 1859.



Sir Edward Lytton has always been a very hardworking man. Not only has he taken great pains with whatever he has had to do, but he has done almost everything that a man in his line could undertake. He has written high-life novels and low-life novels. He has written romantic poems and satirical poems. He has given us drama after drama. He has got up periods of history so remote and so different as the last days of Rome under the Cæsars, mediæval Rome, the Norman Conquest, and the days of the last of the English Barons. He has ventured on the bold experiment of writing a new *Tristram Shandy* describing modern English life. Out of all this work he has got two results which will be sure to make anything he writes a marked work. He can construct a plot. He can prepare a complication and an evolution, natural, interesting, and unexpected. He knows how to lay a hundred little trains which explode at the right moment—long after we have forgotten that they have ever been hinted at. Everything has some bearing on what is to follow. We are told enough of the past history of the characters to enable us to understand what we find them doing when we are first introduced to them, but not enough to make us anticipate what they will come to. This is, indeed, in one sense, a mechanical art; but it is an art that requires an old and experienced hand, and it is one that never fails of success. Sir Edward Lytton has remarked that what a drama wants is not passion, or good writing, or point, so much as "movement." This, with a slight alteration, may be said of fiction. What fiction wants is incident regulated according to a scheme, the regularity of which shall be apparent to the reader, but the secret of which is kept within the breast of the author until the close of the tale. In *What will He do with It?* there is only one character—that of Waife, an old, cheerful, tender-hearted vagabond—which can be called new or striking. The rest are the regular property of the fiction-writer. But the man who has got hold of the wires of these puppets knows the secret of "movement." Something is always being done which, during the time we read of it, is interesting. And secondly, Sir Edward Lytton has acquired a power of painting variety in his characters. He has practised dressing puppets of so many different kinds, that he can give us a very tolerable representative figure of different classes, sexes, ages, ranks, and natural dispositions. We are made to look on a scene where people meet as they do at a public place where the admission is free. There is a temporary arrangement that every one shall behave so that his peculiarities do not for the time make it impossible for him to give some room for the peculiarities of his neighbours. We do not see any individual quality or character pushed to its extremes, or developing itself as it would do in a free space of its own; but still, the differences of individuals remain manifest, and, in the language of historical romance, the crowd is motley. Even when we have got so far as this, and discover that an author has the faculty of ingeniously combining a variety of characters, we are at once sure that the tale he writes will be at least a marketable one.

But in Sir Edward Lytton's novels there is much more. At the bottom of all his hard work lay a burning desire to succeed. He formed to himself at a very early age a vast idea of the value of success, and threw around an honourable ambition the halo of a poetical imagination. He has always pictured to himself and to others the brilliant effect of a purpose in life. He has idealized the glories of the prominent vocations of social existence. In the successful statesman and author he has seen something romantic and fascinating. And this feeling is one of the great reasons that his novels have been so popular. There is an exaltation in his views of human life, and of the rewards of human exertion, which may be exaggerated, but which exercises a strong influence while his words are still before the eye and still sounding in the ears. Nor is it merely that the ultimate issue of exertion has been viewed and represented by him in its most golden aspect, but he has been especially attracted and penetrated by the conviction of the genuine pleasure which the aspirations towards eminence give to the young. The brightness and sweetness of the hopes of youth are his constant theme. Love is the perquisite of the young Bulwer hero, and he is allowed to make his perquisite a handsome one, and lay up a fair store of blushes, curls, kisses, and tears. But ambition, resolution, purpose, activity—these are the various qualities he has to display, and the effort to display them brings with it a certain and immediate delight. In *What will He do with It?* there is a mixture of lawyer and statesman, who retires from public life at forty with a fortune of half a million, and a power of upsetting or creating any Cabinet he pleases to curse or bless. If we were to ask whether this man is an impossibility, or only a great exaggeration, we should raise a difficult question, but we should not get any nearer to determining his value as a character in a novel. He keeps up the peculiar Bulwer excitement—the contemplation of the glories and splendours of social eminence, combined with the possession of great qualities—and answers the purpose of a sort of Sphinx, which young people are to torture themselves with endeavouring to account for. This dream of a splendid life floats before thousands of minds which are conscious that they have no power to realize it; and yet if they can give it something of a substance, and enjoy it secondhand by reading a novel, they are eager to taste the treat. And there is enough body and reality in Sir Edward Lytton's description of his imaginary great man to sustain the interest. If he has not earned any great reputation as a

statesman himself, he has been sufficiently within the arena of social and political success to see what are the points that tell in a great man's career.

Sir Edward Lytton is also very successful in the relation which he manages to preserve between virtue and vice. He is well aware of the interest which attaches to certain forms of vice, and he makes unshrinking use of interesting villany. The bad man of *What will He do with It?* is a good-looking giant, who robs, forges, fights, bullies, and makes slaves of all that come near him. He draws upon two sources of admiration that a romance writer knows will rarely fail his hero-villain—our respect for physical strength, and our interest in audacious crime. The tendency of modern novels is to substitute faults for crimes. The sphere chosen as the subject of description is one where faults rather than crimes are committed. But crime is much more interesting. Every one likes an account of a good burglary, of a thieves' meeting, or of the last shifts of a desperate rogue. There seems so much more that is tangible and calculable at stake when crimes are threatened, than when a character that commits faults is exhibited as learning a necessary experience, or sinking in the groove of silent but constant degradation. To venture on a criminal hero (for the bad people of the novel are as much heroes as the good), is a sign of that theory of the novelist's art which looks to incident or "movement" as the chief ingredient. But the real test of success is not to be sought so much in the introduction of the criminal as in the relation which the good people hold to him. To make the criminal the real subject of admiration, as in *Monte Cristo*, is a dangerous tampering with morality. To look on crime in its more serious aspect is to get into regions too sacred and too solemn for the novelist. But there is a way of meeting crime which represents the feelings and conduct of those who express the necessary opposition of society to whatever endangers society, and who, by personal courage, adroitness, wisdom, and knowledge, meet the criminal on his own ground, and win a personal triumph, while at the same time they vindicate the majesty of law. Sir Edward Lytton exactly gives us this sort of opposition to crime and vice. We are made to feel the moral weight of innocence and virtue; but this is effected not by argument, panegyric, or sermonizing, but by attributing to certain of the good characters a triumph over certain of the bad characters which satisfies our thirst for poetical justice. For the novel of incident there can be no doubt that this is the right way. Of course there may be fictions which are not novels of incident—which have distinct aims of usefulness, or are written for a particular set of people. When the fiction is used as the vehicle for conveying the author's opinions on matters on which he thinks the world may with advantage be enlightened, he will naturally avoid connecting virtue too closely with the performances of certain of his characters. But as we think the novel of incident is in itself the best, we cannot but count it a great merit in a writer that he succeeds in giving virtue exactly that kind of triumph which is most suited to the general cast of his work. And although there is no teaching of doctrines, nor the slightest leaning indicated to any party, section, or creed, the book is pervaded with a spirit of respect for goodness, for domestic virtues, and for the best influences of English life, that is sure to make it deservedly acceptable. We believe that it is one of the great causes of the popularity of Sir Edward Lytton's later works, that he gives vent to a feeling which is very widely entertained in England. We mean the love for that sum of goodness and piety which is the ultimate result of all that is valuable in the parties which rush into the conflict of religious novels—coupled with a confidence in the British good sense that never attempts to formularize this residuum, but only appeals to its existence in society at large, and in certain individuals who are the representatives of the community around them.

*What will He do with It?* also bears traces of Sir Edward Lytton's greatest defects. He is much too fond of taking a typical character which has only one quality in it, and which becomes a lay figure. This figure is clothed with a great number of ingeniously contrived facts, but it never lives or moves, simply because it is a great deal too special and too unmixt in its ingredients to resemble any human being. The character chosen in this novel is that of a proud man. The whole secret of his life, of his actions, of his opinions, is his pride; and at last his pride is made to yield to a set metaphysical attack made on him by a disputant, who is termed "THE PREACHER." The improbability of the proud man's character sinks into nothing as compared with the improbability of his being impressed by the preacher's arguments. And then the book is full of the affectations we all know so well. The True and the Beautiful have indeed, we are glad to say, been banished, but the devices of odd printing and unexpected capitals, the impersonation of unimportant attributes, and the stilted version of common thoughts, are to be found in every page. There is also an expenditure of unsuccessful and cumbrous facetiousness which is to be regretted as a waste of the author's, if not of the reader's, time. Fortunately much of it is put by itself in painfully small print, so there is every temptation to omit it. But although some allusion must be made to the imperfections which in this, as in everything he ever wrote, have kept Sir Edward Lytton from being in the first rank of English writers, the book is one which we close with feelings of attraction much more than of repulsion, and with a sense not only of the greatness of the success which its author has attained, but of the many sterling qualities by which that success has been won.

## ARAGO'S ASTRONOMY.\*

THE popular Treatise on Astronomy by the late M. Arago, of which the concluding portion has only recently appeared, affords a curious illustration of the difficulty of making a common highway to the truths of science—a point on which we had occasion to make some remarks in a recent notice of Sir J. Herschel's *Popular Astronomy*. No two books could possibly be more unlike than the productions of these eminent French and English astronomers. There are national differences—strange as it may seem that they should intrude into the calm regions of science—and there are, as there could not but be, those differences of treatment which are always observable in the works of original minds. But there are much more striking distinctions than these; for the estimates formed by the two astronomers of the amount of scientific knowledge which it is possible to communicate without the symbolic language of mathematics are as wide asunder as the methods on which they proceed. Sir J. Herschel modestly limited his pretensions to placing the untrained student "on the threshold of the science," or at most to "giving him a ground-plan of its accessions and putting him in possession of the pass-word." Even fully to carry out this object he asked of his reader some acquaintance with geometry and trigonometry, and with the elementary principles of mechanics, besides optics enough to understand the nature of the simpler instruments. M. Arago judged very differently of the possibilities of the case. The popularization of science was almost a mania with him; and in the series of lectures which are now embodied in the present work he boldly undertook to present the whole of astronomy in an intelligible form to the minds of students absolutely without any mathematical knowledge whatever. His lectures were not to be a mere collection of the more elementary truths of astronomy, but were to include the entire science. They were, he said, to be complete in regard to the object—elementary only in respect to the choice of methods. As he himself observed in one of his inaugural addresses, he was under the domination of this one tyrannical idea. He admitted that eminent men of science pronounced his design impracticable; but year after year, on every repetition of his lectures, he renewed his confident assertion that he could unfold the whole of astronomy to an audience from whom he did not ask so much as the slightest previous acquaintance with geometry or trigonometry. Three or four simple propositions introduced by way of prelude, or in the course of the lectures themselves, were to supply all the necessary training; and on one occasion he expressed his wish that his audience might include none but such as were wholly unacquainted with mathematical studies.

M. Arago brought to the task which he undertook with so much revolutionary ardour, some of the highest qualities of a popular teacher. He was full—almost too full sometimes—of historical detail. He revelled in the description of all the wonderful objects of the heavens, and condescended even to discuss some speculations as to their nature which were too wild to deserve serious notice except for the sake of abasing the minds of an untaught audience. Copious and graphic always in his narrative of astronomical observations and his description of celestial phenomena, he displayed, in many departments of the science, the clearness which, to adopt his own quotation, "is the politeness of the public speaker." Of his minute and familiar acquaintance with the most recondite facts of astronomy it would be superfluous to speak, and it would be almost equally so to say that his lectures are a mine of astronomical information such as perhaps no other man could have offered to the world; and yet if we are to give our judgment as to the measure of success attained by M. Arago in his grand object, it must be admitted that his performance has fallen very far short of his sanguine promises. As a record of a great multitude of astronomical facts, and an explanation of the less complex parts of the machinery of the universe, the book is abundantly interesting; but the test of success which M. Arago proposed to himself was to take a wholly untrained student, and by these lectures alone to give him a thorough mastery of all the truths of astronomical science. In this view the enterprise has signally failed, but in its failure it has left the world a legacy of more value than most successes.

There are three great subdivisions of his subject which M. Arago treats with very different degrees of completeness and success. These are, first, the history of the science; secondly, the constitution of the heavenly bodies, and the phenomena which they present; and, lastly, the mechanical system of the universe, by which all the movements of the heavenly bodies, including the mutual perturbations of the planets, the phenomena of precession and nutation, the revolutions of double stars at almost inconceivable distances from us, and the ebb and flow of the tides on the surface of the earth itself, are reducible to the one great principle of gravitation by which Newton unlocked the mysteries of the heavens. The first of the two volumes in which M. Arago's work appears in the English version was published in 1855, and contained so admirable an exposition of that part of the subject which it comprised as almost to convert the most sceptical to the belief that his aspirations were not overstrained. But that volume was confined for the most part to the description of the heavenly bodies, and the history, traditions, and curio-

sities of the science. Scarcely an occasion presented itself for any mechanical discussion; and such of the real and apparent motions as were explained were only the primary movements of the solar system, which admit of very easy exposition to any audience. There is, in fact, nothing in this first volume which need stagger any student, even though he may never have touched a scientific book before, unless, perhaps, we should except one of the most interesting chapters—that on the visibility of the stars, and the brightness of images formed in telescopes—a subject, however, which is almost more optical than astronomical. As an illustration of M. Arago's happiest manner, the elaborate discussion of the nature of comets is perhaps the best that could be selected. It is just the sort of subject on which he delighted to dwell, and one which tasked very lightly the minds of his audience, while it would perhaps have, from its speculative and mysterious character, a greater interest for the majority of hearers than the sublimest discoveries of universal laws. There is a full account of the best-known cometary bodies, and an excellent description of the various phenomena which they have presented, aided by a large number of beautifully executed plates. All the hypotheses about the formation of tails and the nature of nuclei are minutely discussed. Such questions are entertained as whether comets are self-luminous, or merely reflecting bodies? what are the chances of collision with the earth? whether the Deluge was the result of a collision with a comet? whether the dry fogs of 1781 and 1831 were caused by comet's tails? and, lastly, whether comets are habitable?—on which M. Arago's conclusion appears almost to lean towards the affirmative. In fact, there is scarcely a suggestion which has been thrown out about comets and their tails which M. Arago does not discuss with the most exemplary care; and the conclusion at length arrived at is humorously introduced by the following appropriate though well-known story:—

In the time of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, a lady of the Court, who had been to visit the Observatory, demanded of Mairan—"Tell me, I pray, what are the belts of Jupiter?" "I do not know," immediately replied the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. "Why," replied the curious lady, "is Saturn the only planet surrounded by a ring?" "I do not know," was still the reply of Mairan. The lady growing impatient, then said to him, with a certain degree of rudeness—"What purpose does it serve, sir, to be an Academician?" "It serves, Madam, to reply I do not know." "I do not know," [continues M. Arago,] would be still in the present day the reply which one would have to return to the questions which might be preferred respecting the tails of comets.

If M. Arago had lived to read the newspaper comments on Donati's comet, he would have found that there were some persons who had not learned to say "I do not know;" but these gentlemen were probably not Academicians.

The second volume of M. Arago's Treatise is that by which the soundness of his views as to the extent to which a popular exposition might be carried must be exclusively judged. A great portion of this, indeed, like the former volume, consists of descriptive matter, and the whole of what is commonly termed by English writers "Physical Astronomy"—that is, the examination of the mechanical principles by which the movements of the planets and comets are regulated—is slurred over in a very few pages. It was precisely here that the author had to encounter the full force of the difficulty occasioned by the exclusion of mathematics from among his methods of exposition. While he was speculating on the quality of a nebula or a comet's tail, or discussing with more or less fairness the claims of rival discoverers, or even while expounding the simple theory of eclipses and the broad effects of the annual and diurnal motions of the earth on the appearance of the heavens, symbolic language was quite unnecessary. But no one before M. Arago had seriously undertaken to explain the mechanics of the heavens without assuming in his pupils some familiarity at least with the laws of motion, if not with the methods of analysis, nor had it been thought possible to exhibit the character and indicate the periods of lunar and planetary perturbations without demanding a very considerable grasp of the least obvious class of geometrical ideas. We turned, therefore, somewhat eagerly to the chapters on Universal Gravitation, where M. Arago deals with this difficult part of his subject. To say that he did not succeed in making these mysteries clear without the aid of mathematical language would convey no adequate impression of the entire failure of this portion of the lectures. Failure, however, is not exactly the right word, for M. Arago did not so much fail to explain the effects of the mutual attractions of sun, planets, and satellites as abandon the attempt. Instead of guiding his students by the light of nature deeper into the wonders of astronomy than had been before attempted, he stopped far short even of what is accomplished in the less ambitious work of Sir J. Herschel. There, the great problem of three bodies is worked out to some of its most recondite results; the influences of disturbing forces on the different elements of the lunar and planetary orbits are shown by general reasoning; and a complete though rough view of the mechanical working of the whole complex system is presented by the use of a geometrical treatment sometimes identical with, and always of the same character as, that employed by Newton in the *Principia*. This is not, nor is it represented by its author to be, an explanation which an uneducated man could thoroughly comprehend, nor is it free from difficulties even for students whose conceptions have been matured by mathematical study and practice. Still less does it pretend to exhaust the subject. But even such an

\* *Popular Astronomy*. By François Arago, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth and Robert Grant, Esq. London: Longmans.

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approach as this to the popularization of physical astronomy is sought in vain in M. Arago's pages. He uses no symbolic language, it is true, to explain the intricacies of lunar and planetary perturbations, but that is only because he omits the explanation altogether. Beyond the statement of the general facts that the attraction of one planet does disturb the action of every other, and that the stability of the entire system is nevertheless assured, there is little to be found but a sketch of the history of these discoveries. Even this is very inadequate, and far from accurate. M. Arago seems to have been lamentably afflicted with Anglophobia, and was apparently so dazzled by the names of the illustrious Frenchmen who brought their marvellous analysis to the task of verifying the Newtonian theory, that he could not adequately appreciate the achievements of the great discoverer. He even gives, on more than one occasion, entirely incorrect and very disparaging accounts of Newton's theories and investigations. The English editors have very properly called attention to these errors, and supplied corrections in brief and pertinent notes, and have in the same manner corrected another monstrous perversion of fact in the narrative given by M. Arago of the discovery of Neptune. By a mixture of erroneous statement with inadmissible canons of precedence among discoverers, the author arrives at the conclusion that the whole glory belongs to Le Verrier, and that the earlier prediction of the planet's place by our countryman gives him no title to share in the credit, because the observer who first detected the actual planet in the heavens used the calculations of the French astronomer as his guide.

But it is not for the sake of pointing out the national partialities of M. Arago that we have dwelt upon the defects of this section of his work. It is far more important to call attention to them as an antidote to the exaggerated pretensions of the author's introductory remarks. There should be no misrepresentation as to what can and what cannot be effected in popularizing science. M. Arago has poured forth an abundant store of astronomical knowledge, which no reader will have the least difficulty in mastering; but instead of revealing to all, as he promised, the hidden secrets of the science, his work affords the most convincing proof that the limits of popular astronomy are far more correctly laid down in the philosophical preface to Sir J. Herschel's treatise, from which we have above quoted, than in the extravagant professions with which M. Arago was accustomed to introduce himself to his audience.

#### MEMOIRS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.\*

IN a preface which at once prepossesses us in his favour, Mr Morley explains his purpose in writing this book. He is occupying virgin soil, he says, for this is the first history of Bartholomew Fair, and, indeed, the first serious history of any great fair. And Bartholomew Fair certainly was a great one, and that for seven hundred years. Our sad insular character was laid aside for the fourteen days of August and September during which it lasted; its merriment gradually became fast and furious, and the most degraded of the London populace learnt to avail themselves of the security afforded by the general saturnalia. From being frequented by nobles and princes, and from having as actors in its booths men like Henry Fielding, it gradually sunk to a dozen stalls of gingerbread; and its vitality being quite exhausted, it was at length quietly "moved on" by the New Police. Mr. Morley gives us the following explanation of the philosophy of Bartholomew Fair:—

Bound once to the life of the nation by the three ties of religion, trade, and pleasure, first came a time when the tie of religion was unloosened from it; then it was a place for trade and pleasure. A few more generations having lived and waned, trade was no longer bound to it. The nation still grew, and at last broke from it even as a pleasure fair. It lived for seven centuries, or more, and of its death we are the witnesses.

Mr. Morley has already established a character as a painstaking writer; and this volume will, in that respect, come up to the expectation of his readers. He was, indeed, embarrassed by his wealth of material, and his book is somewhat overloaded with antiquarian detail. But he has done his work with great industry and conscientious accuracy, and the information which he has accumulated is set forth in a very engaging style. It would have been well if, in writing a book which is nothing if it does not put its readers in good humour, he had refrained from incorporating occasionally very violent expressions of his own opinion on subjects in regard to which he thinks differently from a large proportion of his educated fellow-countrymen. To judge from Mr. Morley, one would fancy that it was a universally admitted fact that Charles I. was a liar and a thief, very justly sent to the scaffold, and likewise that Oliver Cromwell was the greatest, wisest, and best of beings. Surely, Mr. Morley must know that opinions differ upon these points. And although it is conceivable that he may be right in representing the Puritans as a genial, noble, unaffected set of men, still it is to be remembered that many Englishmen entertain a widely different belief. We wonder, by the way, what those sectaries would have done—had they got hold of him—with the man who wrote a large book about Bartholomew Fair!

There was a certain man named Rayer, who was Jester to

Henry I. He was a knowing person, and wrought to good purpose on his Royal master's superstitious fears, besides amusing him with quips and jugglery. Rayer went on a pilgrimage to Rome; and falling sick there, he vowed that if spared to return to England he would erect a hospital for the recreation of poor men. To him appeared the Apostle Bartholomew, and expressed a desire that the contemplated priory might be dedicated to himself—at the same time stating that the site which he would prefer was a spot in the suburbs of London at Smoothfield, better known as Smithfield. The Apostle had shown his good taste by fixing on what was the most eligible place in London, though just then its appearance was not inviting. There stood the gallows; and "truly the place afore his (Rayer's) cleansing pretended none hope of goodness. Right unclean it was, and as a marsh dungy and fenny, with water almost every time abounding. And that that was eminent above the water, dry, was deputed to the gibbet, or gallows, of thieves, and to the torment of others that were condemned by judicial authority." The King granted Rayer this unpromising estate; and the priory and church were founded in March, 1123. Over this religious establishment the old Court Jester presided for twenty-two years. He had not forgot his juggling tricks; and the numerous cures which followed from pilgrimages to his priory were, even by his contemporaries, regarded as the result of Rayer's ingenuity. From the establishment of his priory a fair had begun to be held in the open space before it on St. Bartholomew's Day, and two or three days after it; and a Royal charter, granted in 1133, declares that certain immunities shall be enjoyed by all persons coming to and returning from the fair.

The first fairs were the result of the gatherings of pilgrims to sacred places at fixed seasons. These sacred places were often in the country, remote from houses of public entertainment, and thus tents were pitched, and stalls set up for the lodging and refectation of worshippers. The Priors were entitled to certain tolls; and to render the festivals more attractive, they speedily introduced various amusements. And, indeed, it was at such places that the best entertainment was to be found which was within men's reach in the Middle Ages. The fairs were frequented by lords and princes. Those of Beaucare, Frankfurt, and Leipsic amused the nobles of Normandy and Germany; and so for Bartholomew Fair, it could attract Royal visitors.

In a crowded and intricate part of the city, to which the Londoner needs no direction, the remains of the priory still stand. A noble foundation has taken its place; but the antiquary can trace the fragments of Norman walls, and the parish church of St. Bartholomew, sadly shorn of its proportions, is still there. There is the tomb of Rayer, with a recumbent statue of him; the features are marked and characteristic. Here is Mr. Morley's picture of the earliest Bartholomew Fairs:—

Thus we have, in the most ancient times of the fair, a church full of worshippers, among whom were the sick and maimed, praying for health about its altar; a graveyard full of traders, and a place of jesting and edification where women and men caroused in the midst of the throng; where the minstrel, and the storyteller, and the tumbler gathered knots about them; where the sheriff caused new laws to be published by loud proclamation in the gathering-places of the people; where the young men bowled at nine-pins, while the clerks and friars peeped at the young maids; where mounted knights and ladies curvetted and ambled, pedlars loudly magnified their wares, the scholars met for public wrangle, oxen lowed, horses neighed, and sheep bleated among their buyers; where great shouts of laughter answered to the ho! ho! of the devil on the stage, above which flags were flying, and below which a band of pipers and guitar-beaters added music to the din. That stage, also, if ever there was presented on it the story of the Creation, was the first wild-beast show in the fair; for one of the dramatic effects connected with this play was to represent the creation of beasts by unloosing and sending among the excited crowd as great a variety of strange animals as could be brought together, and to create the birds by sending up a flight of pigeons. Underfoot was mud and filth; but the wall that pent the city in shone sunlit among the trees; a fresh breeze came over the surrounding fields and brooks, whispering among the elms that overhung the moor glittering with pools, or from the fair's neighbour, the gallows. Shaven heads looked down on the scene from the adjacent windows of the buildings bordering the priory enclosure, and the poor people whom the friars cherished in their hospital made holiday among the rest.

A very pretty and lifelike picture, exhibiting Mr. Morley's power of presenting, in a fashion far different from that of Dryasdust, correct antiquarian details. It is just in this that his strength seems mainly to lie.

There was a sad interlude at one Bartholomew Fair. The fair was at its fullest and noisiest when Sir William Wallace, the Scotch patriot, was put to death in Smithfield:—

Under the elms, therefore, in Smithfield, stood all the concourse of Bartholomew Fair, when William Wallace was dragged thither in chains at the tails of horses, bruised, bleeding, and polluted with the filth of London. The days had not yet come when the first part of the barbarous sentence on high treason was softened by the placing of a hurdle between the condemned man and the mud and flint over which he was dragged. Trade in the fair was forgotten while the patriot was hanged, but not to death; cut down yet breathing, and disembowelled. Mummers and merchants saw the bowels burnt before the dying hero's face, then saw the executioner strike off his head, quarter his body, and despatch from the ground five basket loads of quivering flesh, destined for London, Berwick, Newcastle, Aberdeen, and Perth. Then, all being over, the still-walkers strode back across the field; the woman again balanced herself, head downwards, on the points of swords; there was mirth again round the guitar and tambourine; the cloisters went back into the churchyard; and the priest, perhaps, went through a last rehearsal with the man who was to be miraculously healed in church on the succeeding day.

After the Reformation, the priory went down, but the fair continued. Lord Rich, the man who helped to rack Anne Askew, bought the priory and all its rights for 1064*l*. The reformed

\* *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair.* By Henry Morley. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

Church took no notice of the fair, but it was supported by municipal patronage. The Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, going to Smithfield in procession, opened the fair with a solemn proclamation; and after they had drunk a cup of ale, the sports and business commenced. In 1614, Smithfield was paved. About that time Ben Jonson wrote his well-known comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*. In 1621, under Charles I., the fair was intermitted for fear of the Plague, which was thought to arise from multitudes being gathered in one place. The earliest printed account of the fair bears the date of 1641. It gives an unfavourable view of its mercantile morality, and insists on the abundance of pickpockets; still, it declares, the fair is a favourite resort of people of "all religious sects, Papists, Atheists, Anabaptists, and Brownists." Then came the days of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, when, strange to say, the fair was allowed to go on. Indeed, Mr. Morley is sanguine enough to think that "Cromwell himself, had he visited the fair, true hero as he was, might have been well disposed to mount a hobby-horse." The fair was not held in 1665, the year of the Great Plague.

The entertainments of Bartholomew Fair were always an index of the popular feeling. At the time of the Armada, a monkey was exhibited, which by signs expressed his contempt for the King of Spain. The Powder Plot, in its day, furnished matter for a play which was repeated nine times in an afternoon. In the days of Titus Oates, the favourite play was the *Downfall of the Pope*. After the Revolution, the *Wild Irishman* was the bugbear that frightened children.

Mr. Morley has collected from old playbills and other sources an account of the various monsters, tumblers, and buffoons who had their day at the fair; but these are just of the common sort to be found at such fairs still. At the fair-booths the actors from the great theatres were accustomed to perform, Drury-lane being shut up that its company might appear in the booth at Smithfield. For nine years Henry Fielding kept a booth at the fair; and the playbills may still be seen of *Fielding and Reynolds's Great Theatrical Booth*. Fielding was part proprietor, manager, and actor. But Garrick and Betterton never would act at the fair, though Garrick went as a visitor, and on tendering his money at the entrance of a small show, had it returned with the polite remark, "we never takes money of one another."

But the nation was outgrowing the fair. In 1701, the Grand Jury of London presented it as a nuisance. In 1735, the Aldermen resolved that the fair, which had extended to fourteen days, should be restricted to three—"Bartholomew's-eve, Bartholomew's-day, and the day after;" and that no stalls should be suffered but those for the sale of goods. A few years later things had come to this, that "by every thief living in London, Bartholomew Fair was regarded as an annual performance for his benefit." Decency could hardly venture there; and the deterioration of the shows is proved by the fact, that nearly all of them charged but a penny for admission. At the beginning of the present century a favourite amusement of the assembled blackguards was to surround some respectable woman, and tear the clothes off her back. In 1808, Miss Biffin, the armless portrait-painter, was exhibited here. Richardson's Booth was the theatrical establishment of the fair; and Wombwell's menagerie was an attraction. There was a dwarf, one Simon Paap, who seems to have been more remarkable than Tom Thumb; but he had not a Barnum to puff him. Toby, the learned pig, appeared at fairs from 1817 to 1833; and a mermaid was exhibited, which, judging from a picture of it by Mr. George Cruikshank, must have been the Feejee mermaid of Barnum. There is no mistaking the identity with the picture given in the *Life* of that great ethical philosopher. There is the contorted figure, the hideous face, the arms drawn up to the head. It is certainly Barnum's mermaid, or else the Japan manufacturers of mermaids must construct them all on precisely the same type.

In 1849, Bartholomew Fair contained only a dozen gingerbread stalls. In 1850, the Lord Mayor, quietly walking to Smithfield, proclaimed the fair for the last time. In 1855, the form of proclamation, done for the last five years by a deputy, ceased to be observed. The single relic of the Great Fair is an annual fee of 3s. 6d. paid by the city to the rector of St. Bartholomew the Great. And thus passed away an observance which had its day, and which served its end, and which died out naturally when its day was over.

#### SLAVONIC CHRISTIANITY.\*

IF a person moderately acquainted with Church history were questioned on the subject of Cyril and Methodius, his knowledge might probably be summed up in some such form as this. The brothers were Greek missionaries, who, about the middle of the ninth century, went into Moravia in consequence of an invitation from the King of that country. Cyril invented a Slavonic alphabet; and the two missionaries translated the liturgy and the Scriptures into Slavonic, and by this employment of the vernacular tongue obtained an extraordinary success among the Moravians. After a time, they were summoned to Rome, where Cyril died, and Methodius was consecrated as an archbishop. On a second visit to Rome, Methodius obtained an express sanction of the Slavonic liturgy, which the Pope

had before forbidden him to use; he afterwards converted the Duke of Bohemia; he spent the rest of his days in contending against Paganism on the one hand, and against the influence of German prelates on the other; and in consequence of the labours of Cyril and Methodius, a Slavonic liturgy is to this day allowed and used in some of the countries of the Roman communion. But few Englishmen probably have any idea of the many and fiercely-disputed questions which are connected with the history thus briefly sketched. What was it that Cyril and Methodius translated? How much of the Bible, and what liturgy? Into which of the Slavonic dialects were the translations made? What are the respective claims to antiquity of Cyril's alphabet and of the other Slavonic character which is known by the name of *Glagolitic*? What was the ecclesiastical position of the missionaries in the earlier days of their labours? What is the history of the Slavonic liturgy in Bohemia? &c. &c. These and other such points are elaborately discussed by Dr. Ginzel, and his work is valuable, both for the industry which is displayed in the original part of it, and for the large appendix of documents which range from the time of the "Apostles of the Slaves" almost to our own day. Unhappily, however, Dr. Ginzel's industry is not accompanied by judgment; or rather, his judgment is so overpowered by his zeal for the Roman Church as to be altogether or nearly worthless. We do not pretend to know anything of the Slavonic dialects; but no such knowledge is necessary in order to form an opinion as to the soundness of the author's reasoning.

Dr. Ginzel's great key to the questions connected with his subject is the supposition that Cyril and Methodius were, from the beginning of their work in Moravia, devoted servants of the Roman See. The country, he says, had been evangelised by Germans, and was included in the diocese of Passau; and among the clergy of that diocese, acting under the Bishop's authority, Cyril and Methodius must have placed themselves. No witnesses, however, are produced in favour of this theory, and to us it seems utterly improbable. If it had been intended that the future Church of Moravia should be subject to the Bishops of Passau, why should Greek teachers have been sought for at all? The object of the King in his application to the Emperor of Constantinople was to obtain the means of counteracting the German influence, which he felt to be politically dangerous; and Cyril, in undertaking the mission, appears to have regarded Moravia as a heathen land—which, notwithstanding the efforts made by German ecclesiastics, it really was in the main, the King himself being as yet unconverted, although desirous of instruction. By race and language the Moravians were connected, not with the West, but with the East; and whatever claims the Bishops of Passau or the metropolitans of Salzburg might have made to jurisdiction over these *partes infidelium*, their claims had never been acknowledged. Everything seems to show that the Greek "apostles" regarded themselves as free to act in independence of any Western authority—that they looked on the German prelates not as superiors to be obeyed, but as rivals to be withstood and kept out. Probably their intention was, in case of success, to annex Moravia to the patriarchate of Constantinople. And, although the feuds of the Byzantine church, which was then distracted between Ignatius and Photius, combined with the political circumstances of the Moravian king in persuading them eventually to submit to the papacy, and to derive the episcopate for Moravia from Rome rather than from Constantinople, they had never paid any acknowledgment to the see of Passau, and their visit to Rome resulted in the establishment of the Moravian Church as independent of all German jurisdiction.

From the assumption which we have just discussed, Dr. Ginzel proceeds to argue that, since the missionaries must have acted under the Bishop of Passau, they must have used the Latin liturgy until after their visit to Rome. The foundation of this argument is, as we have shown, unsound, and the inference is in direct contradiction to the old authorities, who represent the use of the vernacular service as a marked peculiarity of their operations from the first. Dr. Ginzel himself infers from the words of the earliest legend that, even before entering the country, they had translated those portions of the Gospel which were read in the mass—for in this limited sense he understands the word "evangelium," and we are not inclined to dispute his opinion. But he will, we imagine, find few believers for the notion that they not only kept this *evangelium* by them unused, but that they carried through the weary labour of translating all the services of the Church into Slavonic without venturing to make any use of them until they had obtained the sanction of Rome. The truth would seem rather to be that they never used any other than a Slavonic service—that when they repaired to Rome in consequence of a summons from Nicolas I., the question between a Latin and a vernacular service was not discussed—and that the first mention of the subject was a prohibition of the Slavonic liturgy which John VIII. appears to have issued in 873 or 874, and which Methodius for five years (on what ground is not known) continued to disregard.

What was the nature of the Slavonic liturgy? Was it of the Greek or of the Latin type? And, if Greek, was it a translation of the liturgy of Constantinople, or an original composition? All these opinions have found supporters, and there would seem to be very much room for conjecture in the matter. Dr. Ginzel, as might be expected, considers that Cyril

\* *Geschichte der Slawenapostel Cyrill und Method, und der Slawischen Liturgie*. Von Dr. G. A. Ginzel. Leitmeritz. 1857.



must have strictly kept to the form which was used in the diocese of Passau; and he expresses surprise that the great Slavonic scholar, Kopitar, while laying down that the character of ecclesiastical Slavonic is Latin, should have hesitated to pronounce that Cyril's form must have been translated from the Roman. We imagine, however, that Kopitar had good grounds for his hesitation. The character of *later* ecclesiastical Slavonic has little, or rather nothing, to do with the question as to Cyril's language; and it seems probable that when, at a later time, the Latin books were authorized as those which should be translated into Slavonic, the translators, instead of unconsciously admitting any influence of Greek idiom, would rather have done their utmost to exclude it. On the other hand, that the liturgy of Cyril was of the Greek rite seems to be implied in the statement of a contemporary German that the Greek Methodius "made the masses, and gospels, and ecclesiastical offices of those who celebrated in Latin to grow cheap in the estimation of the people" (*Conversio Carantanorum*, ap. Ginzl, *Anh.* p. 55); and it appears that the fragments of the liturgy formerly used in the Bohemian monastery of Sazawa, although written in the more Latinizing of the Slavonic alphabets, are indisputably of a Greek character. The only circumstance which has struck us as seemingly favourable to Dr. Ginzl's view is the fact that John VIII. objected to the language only of the Slavonic liturgy, and not to its substance. But, in truth, the Pope's letter admits the lawfulness of the Greek as well as of the Latin service; and the time had not yet come when the popes were to insist on liturgical uniformity.

There are, as we have said, two Slavonic alphabets—the one which is named after Cyril resembling the Greek; the other, which is called Glagolitic (from *Glagoli*, words), nearer in form to the Roman letters. There have been vehement controversies as to the comparative antiquity of these two, and it is said that the national feeling of Slavons and Germans has largely influenced the opinions which they have respectively held. The fancy that the Glagolitic letters were invented by the Dalmatian St. Jerome, five hundred years before the time of Cyril, is shown by Dr. Ginzl to have been unknown until the very end of the eleventh century; and whether the one or the other alphabet be the older, we are utterly incompetent to form any opinion. But we have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Ginzl's theory is extravagantly improbable. Assuming, as before, that Cyril was a devoted subject of the Roman Church, he argues that the alphabet invented by him must have been that which bears a Roman character—the Glagolitic; and that the so-called Cyrillic alphabet was invented, not by Cyril, but by some of his disciples, who, after his death, were driven by the persecution of the German party in Moravia to seek a refuge among the Bulgarians—a Slavonic people of the Greek communion! On this theory it is surely needless to make any remark; but since Dr. Ginzl considers it impossible that the Glagolitic letters should have been invented if the so-called Cyrillic before existed, we may observe that there is clearly no impossibility in the case. It is easy to suppose that the Slavonians of Illyria, who were more connected with Latins than with Greeks by neighbourhood, religion, and interests, may have thought it worth while to devise a vernacular alphabet of a Latinising character, although the Grecising alphabet of Cyril were already in being—just as the Macedonian Cyril, if the Glagolitic alphabet had not only existed in his time, but had been known to him, might very naturally have exercised his ingenuity in devising letters which should be more nearly kin to those of his native tongue.

There are other matters as to which we should have much to say to Dr. Ginzl—especially the early history of Christianity in Bohemia, where the Bishop of Ratisbon is made to serve the same purpose for which the Bishop of Passau had been used in the case of Moravia. But our limits compel us to pass on to another subject—the present state of the Slavonic liturgy. Slavonic translations of the Roman service-books are, it appears, still used in many Illyrian monasteries and parishes, of which Dr. Ginzl gives a list in his Appendix. But, with the exception of the *Ritual* (i.e., the book of the more private offices, such as baptism, marriage, and the last sacraments), which is in modern language, these formularies have become as unintelligible to the people in general as the English of King Alfred would be to an English congregation of our own day. Nay, the clergy themselves are not instructed in the ecclesiastical language; so that, from having been originally intended for the edification of the unlearned, the Slavonic service has come, by the change of circumstances, to be the most dismal system of *mumpsimus* that could well be conceived. Dr. Ginzl, while, like a good Romanist, he sees with satisfaction the gradual disappearance of Slavonic before Latin service-books, is able to find room for exultation in the fact that "the Slavonic people is yet not deprived of its ancient title to hear in the sounds of the Slavonic idiom those parts of the holy mass which are uttered aloud." If we cannot sympathize with the ethnological and philological enthusiasm which dictated these words, we have met with something like parallels to it. Indeed, we have no doubt that, if the existing Welsh Bible and Prayer Book were to become as unintelligible to those for whose instruction they were meant as the Slavonic liturgy is said to be, Tegeds and Regeds by the seven would rise up to protest, in the name of British nationality, against all attempts to modernize them. But when Dr. Ginzl, after stating his

idea of the best practicable liturgy for Illyria—namely, that the greater part of the service should be said "secretly" in Latin, which, even if it were audible, would be unintelligible to the people, and that certain passages should be read aloud in Slavonic, unintelligible to people and priest alike—when, after this, he goes on, by way of conclusion, to ask, "Would such an arrangement be contrary to the mind and spirit of Cyril and Methodius, the fathers of the Slavonic liturgy?"—we cannot understand how any reasonable person should be expected to return the answer on which our author evidently reckons. We have no doubt that Dr. Ginzl is a perfectly honest man, of most respectable abilities and attainments; but it appears to us that, between his hero-worship of Cyril and Methodius on the one hand, and his reverence for the Papacy on the other, he has been led to produce a tissue of inconsistencies and improbabilities.

#### THE LIFE OF JAMES WATT.\*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH said of James Watt, that he stands "at the head of all inventors in all ages and nations;" and Wordsworth declared that he "looked upon Watt, considering both the magnitude and the universality of his genius, as perhaps the most extraordinary man that this country ever produced." It is almost impossible to estimate what the human race owes to one who was, for all practical purposes, the inventor of the Steam Engine. We may safely say that there is not at the present time a man, woman, or child in Britain—perhaps in the civilized world—who is not daily deriving advantage from the marvellous patience, perseverance, and inventive genius of this great Scotchman. Before Watt's inventions, a few clumsy "fire-engines" were employed in pumping water out of some widely-scattered coalpits and mines; but these engines were few in number, very inefficient, and very expensive. At this day, the united steam-power of Great Britain alone is estimated as equivalent to the manual labour of upwards of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

Mr. Muirhead has all the advantage of a most interesting subject; and as the kinsman of Watt, the intimate friend of his son, and the son-in-law of his partner, Mr. Boulton, he had the privilege of unrestrained access "to the stores of original documents, as well as of anecdotes, by which this volume has been enriched." He has also an enthusiastic though not very discriminating admiration for Watt; and he has evidently spared no pains in collecting facts relating to the history of the great inventor. But Mr. Muirhead is singularly deficient in the power of the biographer. He entirely fails to set the living man before us in his lengthy volume. And his faults of style are very glaring. When he is content to keep to the thread of his story, in a simple, unaffected way, his style, though always singularly inelegant, does not provoke criticism. But unhappily he frequently aims at being witty, occasionally at being pathetic, and sometimes at being reflective. Nothing can be more silly than his jokes, nothing more absurd than his attempts at pathos, and nothing more irritating than his philosophy. And if we may judge from the multitude of common-place quotations, in prose and verse, with which the volume is filled, we should say that either Mr. Muirhead's own reading has been very limited, or he supposes that that of his readers has been so. One of his reflections is worthy of preservation. He assures us that he has a higher opinion of the Almighty for his having made James Watt.

James Watt was born at Greenock, on the Frith of Clyde, on the 19th of January, 1736. His father was a ship-chandler, a builder, and a merchant—the latter word meaning in Scotland anybody who buys and sells anything. James Watt the elder was a magistrate of Greenock, and an Elder of the Kirk, an intelligent and worthy man. His wife, Agnes Muirhead, "was a braw, braw woman, nane now to be seen like her." James was one of five children, of whom three died in childhood, and one, a lad of twenty-three, was drowned at sea. He was a feeble, sickly child, and precociously displayed a talent for mathematics, which was hereditary in the family. He was distinguished, from first to last, for manliness and strict adherence to truth. His favourite amusement when a boy was to take his toys and tools to pieces and reconstruct them. He was remarkable for his power of inventing tales which kept his companions out of bed to unreasonable hours. At the age of fifteen, he had twice attentively read S. Gravesande's *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, and he began to experiment upon steam:—

Sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, at the tea-table, she said, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy. Take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour, you have not spoken a word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and connecting the drops of hot water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?"

We have no doubt that James Watt tried this experiment with the kettle, nor that his aunt found fault with him for wasting his time; but of course no one can believe that she ever uttered the long speech quoted by Mr. Muirhead. But Mr. Muirhead cannot tell a story in a natural way.

From the aptitude which James Watt showed as a boy for

\* *The Life of James Watt, with Selections from his Correspondence.* By James Patrick Muirhead, M.A. London: Murray. 1858.

all kinds of ingenious handiwork, and in accordance with his own choice, it was decided that he should become a mathematical instrument maker. With the purpose of qualifying himself for that trade, he went to Glasgow in June, 1754, and remained for a year under the roof of his maternal relations, the Muirheads. To obtain better instruction, in June, 1755, he set out for London, riding on horseback in company with a cousin, who became the master of an Indiaman. With some difficulty he found employment with one Mr. John Morgan, a mathematical instrument maker in Finch-lane, in the City. Here he remained a year, devoting himself to his work, and living with Scotch frugality and self-denial. At the end of the year he announced to his father, with reasonable pride, that he could now make "a brass sector with a French joint, which is reckoned as nice a piece of framing work as is in the trade." In August, 1756, he quitted London and went to Glasgow. Here he speedily found occupation. A Mr. Macfarlane, of Jamaica, dying in 1755, had bequeathed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments to the University of Glasgow; and Watt, having become known to some of the professors, was employed to unpack these. It was found that they had suffered from the sea air, and a minute of a College meeting, dated October 26th, 1756, bears that "Mr. Watt should be desired to stay some time in town to clean them." Another minute shows that for this work he received 5*l*. He was now anxious to establish himself in the way of his trade in Glasgow; but not having served an apprenticeship, nor being the son of a burgess, he was forbidden to set up a workshop within the limits of the city. The professors came to his rescue. Glasgow municipal law does not extend to the precincts of the University; and Watt was assigned an apartment, and allowed to open a shop in one of the courts of Glasgow College, with the title of "Mathematical Instrument Maker to the University."

At first, he had little to do, and his gains were very small. But business improved, and in 1764 he employed sixteen men. His extraordinary mechanical skill appeared in a multitude of little ingenious inventions. Though ignorant of a single note of music, he was applied to by a masonic lodge to build an organ; for, says Professor Robison, "We imagined that Mr. Watt could do anything." The organ was built, and proved an admirable one. Encouraged by this success, the tuneless mechanic proceeded to manufacture guitars, flutes, and violins; many of which are still in existence, preserved with extraordinary care. In 1763, he removed from his narrow quarters in the College to a house in King-street; and in the next year he married his cousin, Miss Miller. Her Christian name is not given by Mr. Muirhead. She was lively and cheerful, and did much to brighten up Watt, who all his life suffered from frequent and deep depression of spirits, which sometimes even led him to contemplate suicide.

In the Natural Philosophy Class-room at Glasgow, there is preserved a small working-model of a "fire-engine," made on the principles which were understood a century ago. This engine, having got out of order, was given to Watt to be repaired, and, in examining it, he arrived at the happy conception of condensing in a separate vessel the steam which, in working the old fire-engine, was condensed in the cylinder itself, to the great waste of fuel, and retarding of the machinery. Setting aside details, this idea was the germ of all Watt's improvements of the steam-engine; and we learn from himself how the idea flashed upon him:—

One Sunday afternoon I had gone to take a walk in the Green of Glasgow, and when about half way between the Herd's House and Arn's Well, my thoughts having been naturally turned to the experiments I had been engaged in for saving heat to the cylinder, at that part of the road the idea occurred to me, that as steam was an elastic vapour, it would expand, and rush into a previously exhausted space; and that if I were to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel, and open a communication between the steam in the cylinder and the exhausted vessel, such would be the consequence.

Mr. Muirhead, anxious to show us in what stage of progress the steam-engine was when Watt began to improve it, has given several chapters of his book to a history of the employment of steam from the earliest times to those of Watt. He begins with Hero of Alexandria, who, in the year 120, B.C., delineated and described his *Æolipila*, a hollow ball of metal, moving on an axis, and having one or more tubes proceeding from it, closed at the ends, but open at one side. This ball, being partly filled with water, and placed over a fire, was made to revolve by the reaction on the outward air of the steam escaping from the openings in the tubes. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to render intelligible to the non-scientific reader the various steps by which the steam-engine was brought to that state of efficiency in which it was found by Watt, in the form of what was called Newcomen's engine. Newcomen's engine, though a great improvement upon those which had preceded it, was of little use. It was expensive, very slow, very irregular in its action; and its consumption of fuel was so enormous that it was doubtful whether the cost of working it did not exceed that of an equal amount of horse-power.

The well-known Carron Ironworks, in Stirlingshire, were established in 1760, by Dr. Roebuck, a wealthy Englishman of a speculative turn, who then resided at the old mansion of Kinneil, near Linlithgow. Dr. Roebuck heard of the mechanical genius of Watt, and thought that the improved steam-engine which Watt was busy in bringing to maturity in his own mind might prove of service in certain mines near Borrostoness. On the 23rd of August, 1765, Watt wrote to Dr. Roebuck that he

"had tried his new engine with good success;" and Dr. Roebuck invited Watt to apply his invention on a working scale to an old fire-engine at Borrostoness. Unhappily, the affairs of Dr. Roebuck at this time became hopelessly embarrassed; and Watt, laying aside his engine for a time, devoted his attention to surveying the line of a small canal, intended to unite the Forth and Clyde, through Loch Lomond. On the business of this canal, Watt visited London; and on his return, he first saw the great manufactory at Soho, near Birmingham, of Mr. Boulton. Struck by the perfection to which machinery had there been brought, Watt concluded that it would be very desirable to engage Mr. Boulton as his partner in perfecting his steam-engine; but some time elapsed before the arrangement was carried out, during which Watt invented a micrometer, various timepieces, and other philosophical machines. In 1773 he was recalled from a survey of the Caledonian Canal by the sudden death of his wife. This event, for the time, plunged him into overwhelming sorrow. He feared that his mind was breaking down; and thought of seeking employment in a foreign country. But things brightened. He entered into partnership with Mr. Boulton, and the engine on which he had been busied was transferred to Soho. The patent which he had obtained in 1769, was by Act of Parliament extended for twenty-five years from 1775; and Watt announced the fact in a kind letter to his aged father at Greenock. In 1776, Watt finally left Glasgow, and went to reside near Soho; and at the same period he married for the second time.

From that time onward, by many successive steps, the steam-engine was improved towards perfection, and it came to be extensively used. The patent was repeatedly infringed; and the firm of Boulton and Watt incurred heavy law expenses in maintaining it by successive actions at law. In 1800, the patent for the steam-engine expired, and the partnership of Watt and Boulton was dissolved; but the connexion, which had now continued for twenty-five years with much harmony, was maintained by a new contract formed by James Watt the younger, Matthew Robinson Boulton, and Gregory Watt. Although Watt had now retired from active life, he continued to take a lively interest in the progress of mechanical science. He watched the advance of steam-navigation, and he took out a patent for a locomotive engine intended to run on ordinary roads. He invented several lamps, and a calculating machine, and devoted great thought and time to a system of machinery for copying sculpture. He purchased some land in Wales, and on occasional visits interested himself in farming. On the 19th August, 1819, he died in his house at Heathfield, and was buried in the church of Handworth, near his old friend and partner, Mr. Boulton. Weakly as was his constitution, and heavily taxed by constant head-work, he had attained the age of eighty-three.

Of course, it is needless at this time of day to try to delineate the character of James Watt. Panegyric has been doing its utmost for him for the last forty years. His ingenuity as an inventor has never been exceeded; but we do not hesitate to place George Stephenson on the same level with Watt. These two great men were alike in inventive genius, and alike in honesty, amiability, and kindness of heart. And the man who gave us the railway and the locomotive need not shrink from comparison, as a benefactor of mankind, with the man who utilized the stationary steam-engine. Nor should it be forgotten that while Watt had the benefit of an excellent education, Stephenson at twenty-one could not write his name. While Watt lived to be eighty-three, Stephenson died at sixty-six; and while Watt, in prosecuting his early invention, was encouraged by the confidence and applause of a University whose professors "thought Mr. Watt could do anything," Stephenson was hunted down as a mischievous lunatic by men of science for twenty years. Watt, from first to last, had wind and tide in his favour. Stephenson had to struggle against both in a fashion which would have killed most men.

A colossal statue of Watt, by Chantrey, stands in Westminster Abbey. Its pedestal bears the following inscription, written by Lord Brougham, which has been pronounced "beyond all comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language:—

Not to perpetuate a name  
Which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,  
But to show  
That mankind have learned to honour those  
Who best deserve their gratitude,  
The King,  
His ministers, and many of the nobles  
And commoners of the realm,  
Raised this monument to  
JAMES WATT,  
Who, directing the force of an original genius  
Early exercised in philosophic research  
To the improvement of  
The Steam-engine,  
Enlarged the resources of his country,  
Increased the power of man,  
And rose to an eminent place  
Among the most illustrious followers of science,  
And the real benefactors of the world.  
Born at Greenock, 1736,  
Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, 1819.



## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER.  
Monday, HAMLET; Tuesday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; Wednesday and Saturday, THE CORICAN BROTHERS; Thursday, MACBETH; Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; and the PANTOMIME every evening.

MR. SIMS REEVES and Miss GODDARD at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, in conjunction with the SWEDISH SINGERS, &c., on MONDAY NEXT, January 10th. Great Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats (Balcony), 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.; may be obtained at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 49, Chapside; Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that, previous to her departure on a Provincial Tour, she will give a MATINEE MUSICAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC, at the St. James's Hall, on SATURDAY NEXT, January 15th—to commence at Half-past Two o'clock—supported by Signor PIATZI, Herr LOTIS REIS, Mr. DOYLE, and Mr. LAZARUS. The Pianoforte will be in the centre of the Hall. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Unreserved, 2s. 6d.; may be obtained at Miss Goddard's residence, 47, Welbeck-street; at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, Chapside; Hammond's, and Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street; Olivier's, Old Bond-street; Leader and Cook's, and Chappell's, New Bond-street; where a plan of the room may be seen.

SIXTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES AND WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, the Contributions of British Artists, is NOW OPEN at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Ten till Five.

BARNUM'S THIRD AND LAST ADDRESS ON "MONEY-MAKING AND HUMBING," at ST. JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14th. Owing to the great success of his two previous Entertainments, Mr. P. T. BARNUM will, in compliance with public request, repeat his Address, with Anecdotes, Experiences, and Pictorial Illustrations. Open at Seven, commence at Eight. Carriages for a Quarter to Ten. Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Body of the Hall and Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell's; Mitchell's; Cramer and Beale's; Jullien's; Keith's, 49, Chapside; and at the Hall.

MR. JOHN BENNETT ON THE WATCH.—

Mr. JOHN BENNETT, F.R.A.S., Member of the National Academy of Paris, will lecture on the Watch, what to make and how to make it—

Jan. 11, Windsor.	Jan. 24, Stowmarket.	Feb. 8, Ball's Pond.
" 12, Woburn.	" 25, Ipswich.	" 15, Wolverton.
" 17, Horsham.	" 27, Bristol.	" 17, Agar Town.
" 18, Dorking.	Feb. 1, Slough.	

The Lecture will be illustrated by a great variety of models and diagrams, and specimens of clocks and watches. Syllabuses can be had at the Watch Manufactory, 65, Chapside.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE ARMY.—A BENEFICED CLERGYMAN, resident in Wiltshire, Scholar of his College, well versed in Modern Languages and Literatures, RECEIVES FOUR PUPILS. Terms, 120 Guineas per Annum. For Testimonials, address the Rev. A. M., care of Mr. NUTT, Foreign Bookeller, 270, Strand.

EDUCATION.—THE DAUGHTERS OF A PHYSICIAN, residing in the best part of the North-west district of London, RECEIVE FOR EDUCATION TWELVE YOUNG LADIES, the daughters of gentlemen. They are assisted by Masters of eminence, and a resident French Governess. Terms, 60 Guineas per annum; or including extras, 80 Guineas. References to clergymen and others, the parents of pupils. THE NEXT TERM will commence (D.V.) 15th JANUARY, 1859. For further particulars address G. H., care of Mr. CALDER, 1, Bathurst-street, Hyde Park-gardens, W.

TO LITERARY MEN.—An opportunity offers of an ENGAGEMENT of an influential nature upon a COLONIAL NEWSPAPER of first-class position. To save trouble, none but gentlemen of really high qualifications need apply. Communications, which must be held strictly confidential on both sides, to be addressed A. B. C., care of ROBERT BASLEY, Esq., 2, Fann-street, Aldersgate-street.

THE LEAMINGTON COLLEGE will RE-OPEN on SATURDAY, 5th FEBRUARY, 1859. For Terms and Prospectuses, apply to Rev. E. ST. JOHN PARRY, M.A., Head Master.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON, 67 & 68, Harley-street, W.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1853, for the General Education of Ladies, and for Granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Visitor—The LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.  
Principal—The Very Rev. the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.  
Lady-Resident—MISS PARRY.

THE COLLEGE and the PREPARATORY CLASS will RE-OPEN for the LENT TERM on MONDAY, JANUARY 24th. Pupils are received as Boarders within the College by Mrs. WILLIAMS.  
Prospectuses may be obtained on application at the College, or by letter to Mrs. WILLIAMS.  
E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Under the Sanction of the Council and Committee of Education.

Mrs. BOVELL receives Pupils of the College as Boarders in her House, 34, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, W.—Particulars may be had on application.

LADIES' COLLEGE, 47, BEDFORD SQUARE.—THE LENT TERM will BEGIN on MONDAY, JANUARY 17th, 1859.

## PROFESSORS.

T. SPENCER BAYNES, Esq., LL.B.—English Language and Literature—Modern History.

F. S. CARY, Esq.—Drawing.

RICHARD CULL, Esq., F.S.A.—Reading Aloud.

Rev. E. P. EDDREY, M.A. Oxon.—Latin.

JAMES HEATE, Esq., M.A. Lond.—Ancient History.

A. HEIMANN, Ph.D., Prof. of German in Univ. Coll., London—German Language and Literature.

JOHN HULHAN, Esq., Prof. in King's Coll., London—Vocal Music—Harmony.

RICHARD H. HUTTON, Esq., M.A. Lond.—Mathematics.

GOTTFRIED KIMMEL, Ph.D.—History of Fine Art—Geography.

Mons. ADOLPHE RAGOT—French Language and Literature.

Signor VITAL DE TROISI—Italian Language and Literature.

## FEES.

For Students, £18 18s. a year, or £7 7s. a Term. Entrance Fee, £1 1s.  
For Pupils attending two or more Classes, £1 11s. 6d. a Term for Classes meeting twice a Week, and £1 1s. for those meeting once.

For Pupils attending one Class only, £2 2s. a Term for Classes meeting twice a Week, and £1 11s. 6d. for those meeting once.

THE SCHOOL for JUNIOR PUPILS will RE-OPEN on the SAME DAY. The Fees are £5 5s. a Term for Pupils under, and £6 6s. for those above, Fourteen.

Entrance Fee, £1 1s.  
Prospectuses may be had on application at the College.

JANE MARTINEAU, Hon. Sec.

CRYSTAL PALACE SHAREHOLDERS who are doubtful whether they ought to vote for rescinding the resolution in favour of Sunday opening, are earnestly requested to read the primary Address of the London Cabmen's Lord's Day Rest Association, which will be sent gratis and post free to any person applying to the undersigned. If the late resolution be not rescinded, it is to be feared that the principle of opening places of public amusement on the Lord's Day will be much promoted, and consequently the moral and social condition of many, including those interested in the Cab trade, now rapidly advancing, will be greatly retarded.

253, High Holborn, W.C. JAMES TILLET, Hon. Sec.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—All the Wards are now open. Additional FUNDS are earnestly SOLICITED. A large number of Out-patients are daily seen by the Physicians. PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, Broad Sanctuary, opposite Westminster Abbey. Instituted 1719. A Call having been made on this old-established Charity to dispose of £1000 of its Capital, in order to meet pecuniary engagements of immediate and pressing urgency, a Governor has most kindly offered to present £100, provided nine other persons can be found to contribute each the same amount. The COMMITTEE therefore most earnestly APPEAL to the BENEVOLENT for contributions in furtherance of the proposed object. 1564 in-patients and 19,016 out-patients were received during the past year, including 14,910 accident and urgent cases admitted at all hours of the day and night without letters of recommendation. Donations and subscriptions gratefully received by the joint-treasurers, the Hon. P. Pleydell Bouverie, M.P. (Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co.), 1, Pall Mall East; and P. R. Hoare, Esq. (Messrs. Hoare), 37, Fleet-street; or by the Secretary, at the Westminster Hospital, S.W.

F. J. WILSON, Secretary.

NORFOLK RAILWAY COMPANY.—DEBENTURE SHARES.—The Directors are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for the REMAINDER of the Company's DEBENTURE SHARES (to the extent of £50,000), created on the 30th July, 1852, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, 15 Vic., cap. 25, for the purpose of paying off and extinguishing an equal amount of the Debenture Debt of the Company.

These Shares are of £10 each, and are guaranteed interest at the rate of Four per cent. per annum in perpetuity, which is declared by the Act of Parliament the first charge upon the undertaking, the revenue from which, after paying all working charges, amounted for the year 1857 to upwards of £90,000, the interest on the whole of the Debenture Shares when issued amounting to £20,288 annually.

It is provided by the Act that the debentures paid off by means of the Debenture Shares shall not be re-issued.

The amount of the Shares may be paid for by instalments at stated periods, to be agreed upon at the time of the application.

The Shares will be registered in the Company's books in the name of the applicant, free of every expense.

The interest will commence from the date of payment of the purchase-money, and will be paid half-yearly, on the 15th March and the 15th September.

Application for the Shares and for any other information to be addressed to the undersigned, at the Company's Offices, 44, Morgate-street, London, E.C.

January 1st, 1859.

JAMES HUTT, Sec.

CADIZ.—A PURE PALE SHERRY, of the Amontillado character, 38s. per dozen, Cash. We receive a regular and direct shipment of this fine Wine.

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PURE BRANDY, 16s. per Gallon.—PALE or BROWN EAU-DE-VIE, of exquisite flavour and great purity—identical, indeed, in every respect with those choice productions of the Cognac district, which are now difficult to procure at any price—35s. per dozen, French bottles and case included, or 16s. per gallon.

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UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA, of the true Juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the Still, without the addition of sugar or any ingredient whatever. Imperial gallon, 13s.; or in one-dozen cases, 29s. each, bottles and case included. Price Currents (free) by post.

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ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE IN IMPERIAL PINTS.

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO. are now delivering the October Brewings of the above Celebrated Ale. Its surpassing excellence is vouched for by the highest Medical and Chemical Authorities of the day. Supplied in bottles, also in casks of 18 gallons and upwards, by

HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 54, Pall Mall, London.

MALMSEY, TWENTY-FOUR SHILLINGS PER DOZEN, Cash.—This delicious Wine may be obtained at the above extraordinary low price from the Importers,

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DENMAN, INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c., 20s. PER DOZEN, BOTTLES INCLUDED. A Pint Sample of each for 24 stamps. Wine in Cask forwarded free to any railway station in England. EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 16s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen. TERMS, CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cross cheques "Bank of London." Price-lists, with Dr. Hassall's analysis, forwarded on application.

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SELF MEASUREMENT IMPOSSIBLE.—PRIZE MEDAL SHIRT MAKERS.—Best Shirts, from 9s.; Flannel Shirts and Vest, from 14s. warranted shrunken.—J. BAIR and Co., 43, Conduit-street, Hasover-square, W. Manufactory on the Premises.

MESSRS. HOWELL, JAMES, and CO. beg respectfully to announce that, having made important arrangements for the reception of their novelties early in the spring, they will OFFER, during this month, a large PORTION of their present STOCK, consisting of Silks, Shawls, Mantles, Summer and Winter Dress Fabrics, Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, &c., at a very considerable reduction in price.—Nos. 5, 7, and 9, Regent-street.

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Messrs. NICOLL, for shaping and fitting garments, not only employ the best talent in England, or to be obtained from France and Germany, but they secure to their customers all those advantages which arise from there being no intermediate profit between manufacturer and consumer. The following may, for example, be chiefly referred to—NICOLL'S NEW REGISTERED PALETOTS are worn by professional men, who desire to avoid anything like singularity of dress, and to retain the appearance well known to be afforded by this garment.

For those Gentlemen who prefer NICOLL'S CAPE PALETOT, a garment concealing but giving great freedom to the arms, a variety will always be ready for immediate use, and estimates as usual are submitted for Military Uniforms and for Servants' Liveries.

WARWICK HOUSE, 142 and 144, REGENT-STREET, W., is an Establishment also belonging to H. J. and D. NICOLL, in whose Show-rooms female attendants exhibit the Household Jacket, the rich seal Fur Jacket, the popular Highland Cloak, Riding Habits, and Pantalons des Dames à la Cheval. Also, in WARWICK HOUSE, but in another part of the premises, there may be seen every material adapted for the clothing of young gentlemen at school and for other purposes. The Kilted, or Highland Costume, as worn by the Royal Princes, may also be inspected, with the Cap, Sporan, Scarf, Hose, and all the Ornaments proper for this Costume, now becoming so popular for youth under ten years of age.

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**ROBERT ROUGH** manufactures the **BEST FURNITURE** at the most **MODERATE PRICES**. Estimates given, and Designs made free of charge.

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12 Dessert Spoons, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons, do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles, do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do.	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 16 0
1 Butter Knife, do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle, do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt)	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 19 0	1 1 0

Complete Service ..... £10 13 10 15 16 6 17 13 6 21 4 6

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	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
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Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles	2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
1½ Doz. Full-Size Cheese ditto	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
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One Steel for Sharpening	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0

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